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THE

ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,

AND THE BALLET GIRL:

OR,

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE

WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

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CHAPTER X.

Stephens, alias Smith, in Savannah—His Introduction to Henrietta—Smells a Mice—Polite Nothings—Stephens' Disguise Penetrated—Why is He Here?—Whist a Protection—A New Hero—Major Ward, the Terrible—Business before Pleasure—A Dead Shot!—Not in My Line, but I'll do it for an Inducement.

ABOUT dusk, Stephens and Henley quitted the Pulaski House, and took their way towards the dwelling of the faithless Henrietta. Maxwell had certainly evinced great taste in the selection of a house; it was built of wood, two stories high, and was just such a place as would be chosen by those who prefer neatness and comfort to vulgar show. Standing several yards back from the street, a little garden extended before it, separated from the sidewalk by an iron railing. Seldom does vice find refuge in a prettier abode, or in one of which the exterior is less calculated to indicate the rottenness and depravity within.

The soft tones of a piano stole through the air, accompanied, at times, by a voice as soft and harmonious as ever fell to the lot of woman.

Stephens required no prompter to tell that the songstress was Henrietta; he knew it by the tumultuous beating of his heart, and bent eagerly forward to listen, as if fearful the music would cease, and the visions of happiness it conjured up, melt away forever.

"I wonder who's jingling at that piano?" said Henley, opening the gate.

He had evidently no poetry in his composition.

They passed through the garden; the hall door lay wide open, but a huge negro was seated before it, and started to his feet as the gentlemen appeared on the stoop.

"Good evening, Mr. Simpson," said Henley, with as much apparent deference and respect in his salutation as if he were addressing the President, or the Secretary of State.

"Good ebening, sir," replied Mr. Simpson, with equal politeness. "Walk in; dis way, sir; dis way, gentlemen; walk in."

And Mr. Simpson ushered them into the parlor.

As they entered the room, which was in a state of semi obscurity, being lit by a single lamp only, a lady came forward to receive them and welcomed Mr. Henley and his companion with much warmth of manner.

"How does our Southern climate please you?" began the former.

"Oh! the climate itself is delightful; but I must admit that Savannah is rather tame and dull after the never-ending amusements of New York; there, one is never at a loss for a new sensation—something is always going on worthy of beholding."

"From what Maxwell has told me," continued Henley, "I believe there is a certain gentleman there now whose curiosity is much excited to learn what has become of you."

"Yes, I suppose poor Stephens is slightly bewildered by my disappearance; he will think that I have fallen overboard, or been spirited away by the harpies who are always lying in wait for lovely and unprotected females. Perhaps the dear man will offer a reward for the recovery of my body; who knows?"

"I saw nothing in the papers to that effect when we left," remarked Stephens, joining in the conversation.

"Well, he may be glad that I deserted him. Men are fickle as the wind, and we never know when to rely upon their professions and protestations."

"He would be a savage, indeed," said Henley, "who could forget the vows uttered to you."

"Ah! I fear, then, there are many savages in the world; you yourself made more vows this morning than I expected to listen to, and yet you have forgotten them already."

"You are doing me an injustice, Miss Lyon, I assure you; if there is anything I pride myself upon in particular, it is my constancy and devotion to the ladies."

"To the ladies, yes; but to *one* lady, no."

"That is because no *one* lady will acknowledge my fascinations. Collectively, they are as gracious as politicians just elected to office; but, individually, as headstrong and unmanagable as bears before dinner. One would fancy they were afraid of me."

"Oh! no; women are afraid of nothing, except of growing old."

"Of that," replied Henley, "you need never be afraid; you are one of those flowers that bloom—wither—bloom—"

"You were never intended for an orator, Mr. Henley; confine yourself to common sense."

"Then, let us speak on common subjects, for, where beauty is the theme, I always get beyond my depth."

"Having so little of it yourself. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed Stephens, and Henrietta looked at him approvingly.

"By the way," resumed Henley, "is our friend Maxwell here to-night?"

"Not yet; he promised to come at eight. Ha! here he is now."

While she was speaking, a tall, distinguished looking man entered the parlor. Rising from her seat between Stephens and Henley, Henrietta greeted the new comer.

"Your loveliness is enchanting to-night," exclaimed her lover.

"Step this way a moment," replied the Jewess, not heeding his compliment;" I have something of vital importance to disclose."

Alarmed by her serious manner, and wondering what could be the revelation she was about to make, Maxwell accompanied her to the other end of the apartment.

"Don't look at him at once; the man beside Mr. Henley is—is—"

"Well, who is he?"

"George Stephens."

"The devil! what can have brought him here? And, now I regard him attentively, you must be mistaken, surely. The description you gave me of Stephens could never be applied to this man. He has whiskers—"

"False ones."

"His complexion, the color of his hair, as well as I can see by this light, are all different."

"He is a walking lie, and would have deceived any one but myself; in fact, I did not suspect him at first, and had it not been for the sound of his voice, would not have recognized him at all."

"What can be his motive in coming to Savannah?"

"Revenge, perhaps; who knows?"

"His visit here may be accidental."

"And if it is, he will just as certainly turn it to his own advantage as if he had meditated on the step since I left him."

"Did he enter the house alone?" enquired the gentleman.

"No; Mr. Stephens came with Henley, who introduced him to me by the name of Smith."

"Smith! I think he mentioned that name to me this morning; some one whom he fleeced at cards, or who fleeced him, I forget which. I must question Henley about it; do you employ the attention of Stephens."

Maxwell and his mistress again crossed the room. The pretended Mr. Smith had not failed to notice the earnestness with which they spoke together, and he resolved to be doubly on his guard.

A few sentences passed between the four, and then Henley and Maxwell walked away. The Captain vainly endeavored to say something commonplace to Henrietta, but not a word could he say. Although he had spent a good many years among rogues of every description, Stephens was by no means thoroughly depraved; his good sense told him that a connection with thieves and burglars had nothing but gain to recommend it, and even that attraction scarcely existed now; his success and economy had rendered him a comparatively wealthy man. He was essentially a deliberate, cautious person, and about the last in the world to yield to the whisperings of love; but Henrietta Lyon had actually made some impression on his heart; her proud, fearless disposition assimilated to his own, and her wondrous beauty completed the spell that bound him to her feet; there was another reason too, with which the reader is intimate. She was the only woman he ever could love, and he was determined not to lose her without a struggle. Now, he was almost tempted to seize her hand, inform her who he was, and beseech her to return with him to New York; again, he felt that it would be useless—that it would be better to wait patiently, and trust to the chapter of accidents for obtaining his end.

"You are pensive, Mr. Smith," said the Jewess, who had been eyeing him furtively.

"No," replied the Captain, rousing himself; "I was merely thinking it a very great pity so much grace and beauty should be buried in such a dull town."

"It may be so."

"You should seek a wider field of pleasure."

"Perhaps I will; my nature is very restless; scarcely am I settled in one place than I am tormented by the desire of visiting another."

"In short," said Stephens, smiling, "you are a sort of wandering Jew-ess."

"Just so; I fear I will never be at rest."

"I would greatly like to be the companion of your journeys."

"So you will."

"How so, may I ask?"

"Wherever I go, it will, of course, be impossible to avoid meeting a Mr Smith; is your name John?"

"No," replied Stephens, somewhat peevishly.

"You should be thankful that it is not. Poor John Smith! every body's sins are piled on his shoulders, every rascal assumes his name, and every bad joke is credited to him."

When Maxwell and Henley were at a sufficient distance from Stephens, the former said:—

"Do you know the man you brought here to-night?"

"Mr. Smith, aint he?"

"No more than you are. This is the very individual that Henrietta ran away from."

"Well, that is certainly news to me! How do you know he is the same?"

"Henrietta saw through his disguise, and—"

"Disguise! he did alter himself strangely before coming here, and said he was apprehensive of meeting some of his New York associates. This is no common man, Maxwell."

"It is clear, he has tracked her to Savannah."

"Henrietta is her own mistress," said Henley, "and can go where she pleases."

"But he may give us immense trouble; suppose he brought her father down upon us; she is got yet of age, and there would be the devil to pay."

"If her father sold her to Stephens, neither of them would like to have the transaction investigated."

"Very good; but where are our witnesses that he did sell her?"

"You are right; we could not prove it."

"We must get him off our hands somehow."

"To tell you the truth, Maxwell, I'm rather annoyed by all this. Smith is one of the finest fellows I know, and it would be a pity to do him any harm."

"Nonsense."

"He's such a splendid whist-player; he and I could make a small fortune together. Besides, Henrietta will play you a trick some day, mark my words."

"Enough! he must be got out of the way, and your aid will be necessary."

"You may count me in, but I warn you that he is a dangerous man to trifle with; it did not take me long to find that out."

"If he was the devil himself, I wouldn't let him thwart me with impunity."

"He may not be the devil, but, in a game of cards against his sable majesty, I'd bet heavy on Smith."

"We couldn't scare him from the city, could we?"

"Who—the devil?"

"No, no; now, don't provoke me, Henley, or you'll repent it; I am in no jesting humor."

"Oh! you mean Smith. No, I don't think we could scare him."

"If he is so fond of cards as you say, let us bring him to some gambling resort, get him involved in a quarrel, and trust to his antagonist for relieving us of all future restraint."

"There are very few, I imagine, ready to risk their lives in our service."

"Hush! here is the very man," exclaimed Maxwell, as a short, stout individual entered the parlor."

"Nothing could be more fortunate," added Henley.

The gentlemen shook hands heartily with the man who was to put an end to their difficulties regarding Stephens, and he was evidently astonished as well as pleased at his cordial reception. They addressed him as Major Ward.

A few words about the Major. As may be gathered from his title, he was a military man, but none were sufficiently versed in his history to know in what section of the States he had served or—— he had actually come from. By his own account, he had fought in Mexico, been present at the principal battles, and only quitted the army when the war terminated, and there was no further need of his valor. Should another war arise, however, he was perfectly willing to take the field again; he hated above all things to wear a soldier's uniform when there was no fighting going on—he was not one of those who could be satisfied with mere parade and show, marching through the streets for the edification of women and children; and, in time of peace, the army does little else.

The Major had been in Savannah about two years, and maintained himself by performing sundry jobs for his friends, which, if they were not such as a gentleman should undertake, did not render him liable to be clutched by the law. In gambling, horse racing, and kindred diversions, he was perfectly at home; knew pretty well the good and bad points of a nag, and could do nearly what he liked with a pack of cards. If a flat was to be fleeced, Major Ward fleeced him with so much tact and politeness, that his victim generally felt under obligations to him for doing it, and went away with the deep rooted conviction that he was a gentleman who had only "to be known to be appreciated." If any one expected friends from the country, and did not wish to be bothered by taking charge of them, they were handed over to the Major, who conducted them to see all the sights, entered fully into the delight they expressed, and finally packed them off home, entirely satisfied with the trip.

He was a man of a great many accomplishments, and a great many people made use of him; but there was one disagreeable feature in the business—if you used him once, you could never get clear of him afterwards; he stuck closely to his friends; no coldness, no sarcasm could lessen his attachment. Notwithstanding his general prosperity, the Major was sometimes hard up; on these occasions, he condescended to borrow, offered his note at thirty days, which nobody would take, and had been even known to accept the small donation of seventy five cents when nothing better could be obtained. In short, the Major was one of those clouds that are always hanging about the horizon of society; he frequently came between you and the sunshine, but, if you paid him well, floated away, and threw his shadow over somebody else. Heart, he had none; no principles, or, rather, very bad ones; no respect for anything but gold. Forever standing on the auctioneer's pedestal, the highest bid brought him down.

Maxwell and Henley had often found him serviceable before, and were, therefore, the more willing to turn his thirst for money to account now.

"The world seems to be going well with you, Major."

"Can't complain, Mr. Maxwell," replied the Major, pulling up his shirt collar, and glancing fondly at himself in an opposite mirror; "although I certainly did drop a trifle on the last race."

"That's strange, too," remarked Henley, "it's not your usual way of doing business."

"No, but the best of us make a false move now and then."

"And if we lose our money in one way," said Maxwell, "we must only make it up in another."

The Major looked steadily at the speaker; there was something significant in the words, and he began to believe he had not come to the house for nothing. Anxious to find out whether his surmise was correct or not, he pulled out his watch, looked hastily at it, and made a movement towards the door, saying he must be gone.

"What's the hurry?" demanded Maxwell."

"Oh! oh! I have an engagement."

"You must put it off."

"Put it off!"

"I have something to say to you; listen."

"Now, that's what I call embarrassing," and the Major tried his best to seem perplexed at the announcement, although he could scarcely conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"Well," he resumed, "if you really wish to consult me, Mr. Maxwell, I will neglect my own affairs until to-morrow."

"You are a dead shot, I believe?"

The Major suddenly became grave; this was something out of the common.

"Such was my reputation in Mexico;" he answered, after a pause.

"I hope the reputation was deserved."

"Do you doubt my courage, sir?" and the Major began to tug at his shirt collar as if he were about to lift himself out of his boots.

"Your courage! no, certainly not; if I did I would not be speaking with you now."

The Major was instantly mollified. He knew as well as any one could tell him, that, were it not for his character for fearlessness, he would not be tolerated a single day by those on whom he lived, and on this point he was particularly sensitive. He had the obstinate courage of a bull dog, and would have made short work of any man who doubted it; his friends, or rather those whom he called his friends, were aware of this, and although they might laugh at him in regard to other matters, not one dared to question his bravery. Without pluck a man of his stamp could never get along; it is the capital that sustains him; take it away, and he is a bankrupt at once. Much as we may detest a truly brave man, we can never despise him; the coward on the scaffold may be hooted at, but he who goes calmly to his doom is surrounded by an atmosphere of grandeur even on the threshold of death.

"If you are certain of your own skill," continued Maxwell, "you will be the more likely to adopt my views; but, if want of practice has made you a little less accurate—"

"Not at all, not at all; I never forget what I have once learned, and, to make your mind easy on that head, let me tell you that I practise half an hour every morning, just to keep my hand in."

"And you have no scruples about engaging in a duel?"

"Not if I know why I *do* engage in it."

"Well, there is a person in Savannah that I must get out, and, as he will not go away of his own accord, he must be made to go."

"What's his name?"

"Smith."

"Or Jones, eh?"

"Never mind his name; there he is on the sofa."

The Major took a long look at Stephens, who was yet talking with Henrietta.

"This is not in my usual line," said the military man, "but I'll do it for you if you make it worth my while."

"That is of course understood. I'll give three hundred dollars."

"I'll not lift a hand in the business for less than five hundred—two hundred and fifty in advance."

Maxwell expected this when he made the offer, so the bargain was speedily effected.

"To-morrow night, then," said Major Ward, "we meet at Russell's. By Jove! I'll give him his passport to the next world, or render him harmless for the rest of his life."

And he departed, pulling up his shirt collar, and whistling as he went.

Shortly after, Stephens returned to his hotel. In making the agreement with Ward, Maxwell had thought it better to call him by the name of Smith. Smith, Jones, or Stephens, it was all the same to the Major; he would just as soon shoot one as another, provided he got his five hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XI.

Scenes in the Rear—"Father Seedy"—Hugh Canley's Interview with Temple—Before versus Behind the Scenes—An Eye Opener—An Unmasked Actress—To the Boxes, Once—Frank Benson in Search of Jessie—Hugh's Simple Mindedness—Temple's Ruse—"Are You of the Press?"—Freedom of the Pit!—The Critics of the Pit—A Hold on Burroughs and a few Thousands—Pit versus Gallery.

THE stage door of the theatre, over the destinies of which Mr. Temple presided, looked out upon a very narrow thoroughfare, and a very dirty one as well. The Street Inspectors, who, by the way, are seldom noted for too much activity in the discharge of their duties, seemed to have forgotten this locality altogether; the snow, as quickly as it touched the ground, was metamorphosed into mud, and the sidewalks were ornamented with all kind of household slops, thrown out, sometimes from the doors and sometimes from the windows of the buildings on either side; the houses themselves had a faded and forlorn exterior, in keeping with the scene, and what these venerable dwellings were in the interior, can be safely left to the imagination.

It would have been a task of no little magnitude to count all the children who were lounging about on the sunny side of the way, endeavoring to gain that warmth from the solar rays which poverty denied them within doors. Few of them looked healthy, and nearly all seemed several years older than they actually were; misfortune had placed her seal upon their features, and banished the smiles which rise so easily to the face of childhood. Their language, too, was more serious than might be expected from such lips, and was interlarded with oaths and epithets that would have turned a tract distributor into a state of surprise and consternation.

The neighborhood in which these precious imps resided gave a dramatic tinge to their discourse, and they spoke of the stage and its votaries in a way that proved their extensive knowledge of the subject. This actor was praised, that one depreciated; different opinions originated disputes; arguments were poured in from either side with startling velocity, backed by an exhaustless vocabulary of profane exclamations, until the listener almost fancied he had collected sufficient material from the controversy to enable him to publish a chronicle of the New York Stage; and, to tell the truth, many an attractive "diary" has been erected on a weaker foundation.

The debate was still at its height when Hugh Canley appeared in the narrow street, and made his way towards the stage door. Many of the orators had the honor of his acquaintance, and the whole gang were instantly at his heels to learn the object of his coming; but he was far less communicative than usual, and kept steadily on, opposed to the unfortunate lad some——, who several minutes were made to his mental failings; but some of the eldest boys interfered, and one of the most unruly was knocked over into the street, from which place he was hurried by the voice of his mother, shouting, from a third story window, for him to 'come and get a pail of water"—emphasized by an oath. Hugh was finally allowed to pursue his way unmolested.

The entrance to the stage was guarded by an individual who merits a short description, as many readers will, no doubt, remember him. He was about five feet, nine inches in height, and extremely corpulent, with features expressive of good humor, hands much larger than those of ordinary mortals, feet in due proportion, eyes rather prominent and rather fishy, and nose reddened by long devotion to old Bourbon. Such is a faint likeness of that terror of "obeck beggars," "Father Seedy." He was attired in a long coat, something between a raglan and a morning gown, which descended nearly to his heels; an antiquated looking white hat was perched upon his head, and he carried a rattan in his hand. Truly, he was invincible after dark, pacing up and down on the front steps of the theatre, and eyeing with savage fierceness the daring urchins who lingered about the doors; "it was equal to a play" to watch the old man rushing down every five or ten minutes, slashing right and left, wherever he saw a head, and scattering his enemies like chaff before the wind.

On the other hand, when a lady and gentleman appeared at the ticket office, with what suavity he marshalled the way to the boxes, and cleared a passage through the throng. Sometimes, too, when the pit became uproarious, and the cat calls deafening, he would creep slily down stairs, and, raising his rattan above the sea of heads, quell the tumult with a glance. In the awful presence of this mighty personage, Hugh Canley now found himself.

"Please sir," said the newsboy, who was no stranger to "Father Seedy's" great qualities, "I want to see Mr. Temple, the manager."

"I've seen you before, somewhere," replied the ogre.

"Yes sir, in the pit; I saw you too."

"Did you ever see *this*?" and "Father Seedy" held up the rattan.

"Yes, but never felt it."

"Well that is a pity; now, what do you want with Mr. Temple?"

"I wish to speak with him on very important business."

"Don't you know that he's always very busy? he can have nothing to say to such a boy as you. However, I'll go in and tell him, but if it turns out that you are trifling with me, I'll make you rue it; I won't let you into the theatre any more."

"Oh! sir," replied Hugh, "that would be the greatest punishment you could inflict upon me; but I'm sure Mr. Temple will be glad to see me, and you may tell him that—but I'll give him the whole story myself, sir."

"Wait here until I come back."

Nearly three minutes elapsed before "Father Seedy" returned.

"Go in," said he, "Mr. Temple is waiting for you on the stage."

Hugh went in accordingly, and after knocking about among the scenery like a ship in unknown seas, he finally reached the spot indicated, having groped his way thither, guided rather by the sound of voices than by his own eyesight, for the place was buried in an obscurity that would have bewildered any one but those familiar with it. This was the first time he was "behind the scenes," and he was amazed at the difference between the reality and what he had previously imagined. The mountains, the lofty peaks of which, wreathed by the sunshine, had drawn forth his applause the night before, seemed now but an immense daub, of which he could make neither head nor tail; and, at the flats, where the silvery cataract of real water had descended from the rocks, was rigged up a sort of a pump, evidently the means by which the beautiful waterfall had been effected.

Everything had a worn and uninviting aspect, even to the men and women who flitted swiftly around him. The company was at rehearsal, and there were about twenty people on the stage. Three or four of the footlights were burning, but the auditorium was involved in impenetrable darkness.

"Here, Carker," said a gentleman to the property man, "remember that I 'die' 'Long Tom Coffin' to-night, and be sure to have ready the chew of tobacco with which I hit the sailor in the eye; it's one of my best points, and always brings down the house. Get 'Anderson's,' if you please."

"Very well, Mr. Muffin, you shall have it."

Hugh Canley was yet gazing about, when Mr. Temple came up, and roughly enquired what he wanted.

"Miss Mances, sir—"

"So, some excuse; what's the reason she's not at rehearsal? I can't understand such conduct; the profession is going to the devil."

"She couldn't come, sir; she was carried off last night."

"Carried off! how was that? But, step this way, step this way."

When they were free from all fear of eavesdropping, Temple placed his back against an Alpine cottage, and motioned Hugh Canley to proceed with his explanations.

The lad quickly rehearsed all he had witnessed, and the manager was at no loss to comprehend the motives of the abductors.

"To the Fifth Avenue she was taken, you say."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see the men before?"

"Never."

"And the number of the house?"

"Number—"

"What! it is impossible!"

"I could have made no mistake, sir, for I saw the figures plainly, as well as the name on the door."

"Oh! you saw the name; what was it?"

"Burroughs."

At first, Temple was inclined to believe that Mrs. Burroughs had somehow made the acquaintance of Jessie Mances, and invited the young woman to visit her; but the circumstances under which she had entered the house, soon convinced him that this could not be the right solution of the mystery, and he recollected, besides, that Mrs. Burroughs had signified her intention of going to a ball the previous night. It was much more likely that the grocer himself, taking advantage of his wife's absence, had brought Jessie beneath his roof to minister to the passion which her beauty had inspired.

But why keep her there? under the very nose of his wife?

Then the tragedian recalled the terms upon which Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs lived together, and he at once perceived that, as the gentleman had his own range of apartments entirely to himself, he would be as free to follow his inclination there as in a separate house.

Finally, Mr. Temple concluded that this intelligence placed Burroughs completely under his thumb, and that, with the valuable aid of Mrs B., he could squeeze several thousand dollars out of her amorous husband. The wealthy miscreant would certainly give three thousand to save his reputation.

What would the world say if such a story got abroad? Not that the world would be highly shocked at the act itself; as the Spartan legislators punished thieves only for allowing themselves to be detected, so, society cries out against the exposed rascal, not on account of his crimes themselves, but because he is so unskilful as to let them be discovered.

Mr. Temple was highly elated, and began to think that his lucky star was shining out from behind the clouds that had so long concealed it. Drawing forth a ten cent piece, he proffered it to Hugh Canley, saying:—

"There, my boy, take that; you have done well in coming to me, and I will soon have Miss Mances liberated. But it would be better to say nothing to anybody about what has occurred, for, if it came to the ears of this Mr. Burroughs that his villany was known, he might take measures to evade that retribution which should be his.

Hugh promised to keep the secret, but refused the ten cent piece.

"What! you don't want it? Singular boy, singular boy; refuse money—really?"

Mr. Temple evidently could not comprehend how any one could be guilty of such simplicity.

"I don't need it, sir," said Hugh, hanging down his head; "but, I say sir, if—if—"

"Well, what *do* you say?"

"If you'd let me into the—the—"

"The pit? I'll speak to Mr. Seedy, and tell him to pass you in whenever you require it. Now go."

"No sir; not the pit, but the—boxes."

"Eh! surely the pit is good enough for you!"

"Oh! yes sir; but I want to bring my old mother, and, you know, she couldn't very well go into the pit."

"That's true."

"I'll put on my best clothes."

"Well, whenever your mother and yourself come, Mr. Seedy will admit you; but only once, mind, only once."

"Thank you, sir!" and two big, grateful tears rolled down the newsboy's cheeks.

"Come, now; that's very well done, those tears. Would to God some of our ladies could weep as naturally. But, no, no! the profession is going to the devil."

Mr. Temple moved away, and his voice was soon after heard directing the business of the stage.

Hugh wandered among the scenery, trying to find his way out, but, as he only became more confused, he turned again towards the foot lights, and began to survey the assemblage collected on the boards.

Suddenly, a female brushed past him, and he looked up in her face. Heavens! could that be the fascinating Mrs. Waters! She whose attractions were so powerful beneath the gaslight! Now, her figure was lean and wiry, her eyes shone with feverish brightness, her lips seemed parched and hot, and her face positively wrinkled. And where was her luxuriant hair—those glossy locks that floated carelessly at night about her bosom? [illegible] And her bosom! where was that?—that glorious besom which swelled with the fires of indignation, or the sentiments of love? Had Hugh Canley been of a poetical temperament, he would undoubtedly have asked:—"Shade of the mighty, can it be that this is all remains of thee?" As she went by he gazed curiously after her to see if she dragged along upon cork legs—limbs. Fortunately, she did not.

It was almost impossible to believe that the pale, careworn beings, to whom existence seemed a burden, could be the same women who, in fairylike attire, skimmed over the boards at night, smiling and tireless. Hugh Canley had previously thought—and we all labored under the same illusion at one period of our lives—that actresses were the loveliest women, and actors the finest men, on earth. The truth disappointed him immensely, and he actually felt sorry that he had been thus rudely undeceived. Even as an idol worshipper would be filled with dismay on finding that his cherished god was a piece of stone, without sense or wisdom; so, was Hugh madesad and despondent by the sudden flight of the gorgeous visions with which, in his ignorance, he had invested that wonder-haunted locality—"behind the scenes."

But, mingled with his regret, there was also something of pleasure; the proud consciousness of having enlarged his knowledge, and a feeling of superiority to those who were still as credulous and untutored as he had been. From these thoughts, he was diverted by seeing Mr. Temple and Frank Benson speaking together.

Hugh was aware that Frank was the lover of Jessie Mances, and he consequently saw nothing strange in the fact that he should be inquiring the cause of her absence from rehearsal; but he was amazed at the manager's reply.

"She has not been here to-day, Mr. Benson, and I scarcely know what has become of her, unless she has eloped with some young fellow who possesses more money than brains. She's not a bad girl, either, but you gallants turn the heads of all our ladies with your compliments."

"Nay, Mr. Temple—"

"It's so; they are becoming almost useless to me; but what can I expect? the profession is going to the devil."

"My dear sir," said Frank Benson, "she would not depart in such a scandalous manner without giving me notice, and resigning her position in the theatre. I assure you I take a deep interest in Miss Mances, and would be pained to learn anything to her discredit."

"So would I, but what can I do? Hadn't you better go round to her lodgings and enquire? there you can find out all about it, whereas, by staying here,—"

"I was at her lodgings, and neither Miss Mances, nor the old woman who lives with her, returned last night."

"Strange, remarkably strange!" said Mr. Temple, in a musing tone; "we can do nothing, however, that I see."

"We *must* do something," continued Frank; "for my part, I have not the slightest doubt but Miss Mances has met with foul play, and I will entrust the case to the hands of the proper authorities. Several women have disappeared in an unaccountable manner lately, and—"

"But, my dear fellow, think of the scandal it would create; it would ruin me. There are many enemies of the Drama who would not hesitate to insinuate that I myself connived at her abduction, but I trust, my character is too well known to be wounded by mere suspicions."

"You have no reason to dread an investigation, Mr. Temple, and an investigation I am bound to have; you should be among the most anxious to satisfy yourself concerning the whereabouts of Miss Mances, and I will proceed at once to—"

"Listen to me a moment," broke in the manager, "since you are so greatly interested in the welfare of this young woman, I will confess that I know where she is."

"You do!" exclaimed Frank, starting back.

"Yes. It was no ordinary motive that induced Miss Mances to quit the city, and I am certain, if I were permitted to divulge the reason, that you would approve of her going. She will be here again before two days have expired, and then, from her own lips, you will learn the cause of her sudden journey. I hope this explanation will content you."

Frank Benson hesitated, uncertain what course to follow. He had no reason for thinking Mr. Temple a man who would commit a base or cruel action, and was, therefore, disposed to place reliance on his statement; but he was fearful that the tragedian might himself be deceived. Temple partly read what was passing through his mind, and hastened to exclaim:—

"I assure you that she is absent for her own good, and with my full permission: I can have speech with her in two hours, should it prove necessary."

"Still—"

"I have a right, sir," interrupted the manager, "to expect that you should be satisfied with what I say; I am a responsible man—" drawing himself up—"and will even give you a written promise that she shall be back within two days."

"Enough! the document would be superfluous after what you have confided to me."

While Frank Benson was giving utterance to this sentence, the calm face of Mr. Temple became suddenly darkened with frowns. Hugh Canley, having overheard all that had passed between them, was moving forward, evidently for the purpose of enlightening Frank on the real position of affairs. If the newsboy were allowed to speak, Temple knew that his own duplicity would be at once unveiled, and he now stalked forward to intercept the lad before the mischief was irretrievable.

"You, young rascal!" he said in a harsh voice, "what are you waiting for?"

Hugh was confounded by this unceremonious address, and, to

fore he could regain his self-possession, the manager seized him by the arm, and led him into a small private room.

"I wasn't a going to do nothing," stammered the newsboy.

"Sit down there a moment. The gentleman to whom I was talking is warmly attached to Miss Mances, and—"

"It was for that very reason that I—"

"You should also know that the news of her abduction would drive him to despair, and he might do something desperate—kill himself, perhaps."

"That's very true, sir," responded Canley.

"So, you see, it would be much better policy to persuade him that she is in no danger, and in a few days I will have her at liberty again."

"I didn't like him to be so heavy-hearted about it."

"We will keep this matter between ourselves, and recollect that I have given you permission to bring your mother to the boxes, and to go to the pit yourself whenever you like. Now, be off. Here, Carker, show this boy out."

The property man led Hugh Canley to the door, and, as he threaded his way among the theatrical rubbish, he distinctly heard the tragedian declaring that the "profession was going to the devil."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Temple by no means meant what he thus emphatically asserted, for, although certainly a great admirer of the Keans and Kembles of the past, he certainly also believed that there were great tragedians yet living; and, perhaps, to do him justice, he assigned himself no secondary rank (I was nearly writing *rant*) among them. With all his faults, he actually loved his profession; and yet, this fondness for the Drama may be also reckoned a fault, for he only loved it as it contributed to his own greatness.

Thank heaven, we have but few managers of his description; if they were more numerous, the stage would not be so liberally upheld by the great mass of our population. The Drama can never die until tears and laughter have deserted the world; and as long as men and women walk the earth, they must laugh and they must weep; passion will sway the heart until it has ceased to beat, and we can never tire of seeing our own inner lives depicted before us—of gazing upon those plays which hold the mirror up to nature. One of the most conclusive proofs that the Drama is immortal, may be found in the fact that it has survived all the schemes set on foot for its reformation.

As Hugh Canley issued forth into the daylight, he beheld the redoubtable Father Seedy still seated on his stool, and made no bones about informing that worthy official that the manager had conferred upon him the freedom of the pit.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Seedy, opening his fishy eyes to an alarming extent; "are you on the Press, or what mighty service have you performed to entitle you to such an honor?"

"It's only the kindness of Mr Temple, sir."

"Oh! is it? Well, I wish Mr. Temple would manifest his kindness a little oftener. What are you listening to? Go home."

Hugh Canley waited no second bidding, but sped away towards Mulberry street, much elated by his morning's work.

When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Temple sallied out on his visit to Mrs. Burroughs.

"There goes Temple," cried one of the boys who were congregated in the street.

"Raising a moustache, ain't he?" added another.

"I wonder what he wears that quaker hat for?" said the first speaker.

"Thinks somebody'll take him for a filibuster."

"He can't act."

"Not worth a red; Muffin can play him out of sight in no time."

And thus their comments flew about until the tragedian was lost to view.

A performer of fair talent always commands the adulation of the b'hoys, but they have little mercy in their criticisms on "sticks." They are ready to fight if necessary in upholding the claims of their favorites; we have been present at a fearful contest between the frequenters of the pit and those of the galleries—the latter attempting to hiss an actor from the stage, and the former equally resolute in applauding him—until the crowd in the galleries rushed down stairs, and a battle ensued in which two or three were fatally injured and no small damage done to the eyes and clothing of the rest of the combatants: it may be wrong to say "to the clothing," for, heaven knows, it was previously as ragged and tattered as it well could be.

Mr. Temple calculated that the gratitude of Jessie Mances for her deliverance would induce her to second the plausible story he had concocted to pacify Frank Benson, so that the young man would never learn the ruse practised upon him.

Let us leave the tragedian on his way to Mr. Burroughs' house, and take up the fortunes of the Captain of the Dark Family.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EVENING IN THE OLD BOWERY!

MR. ASHFORD'S GAME FOWLS.

MR. EDITOR:—Having desired once more to attend a poultry quarrel, I took advantage of a leisure evening last week and visited a Pit in the Bowery. Upon arrival I found about twenty-five persons present, who seemed to be discussing the merits of particular fowls, some thinking this way, others that, until nine o'clock came round, when accessions made the crowd number about fifty; presently there was a general movement up stairs, where I observed a couple of cocks in process of preparation, to decide, as I understood, a bet given by the backers, who [illegible] brought in [illegible] down for battle. One was a brown red and the other a spangle; betting seemed to be in favor of spangle, at about five to three; he was a fine cock, but became so much disabled in the first and second rounds as to make it evident he had little or no chance to win; a few rounds more and he was cut clean off his legs, the red winning rather by good luck than by power, for had he not injured Spangle in the early part of the fight, it would have, beyond doubt, resulted differently.

I remained to see three or four other matches; the handler of the first being successful in each instance; he seemed to be an excellent heeler, his cocks had to be drawn at almost every round. Mr. Duff, of whom I have spoken before, was present, and having learned he was to handle a match, though late in the evening, I remained to see his skill and generalship. He was not winner, owing entirely to the quality of his fowl; he was not fit to fight for a bunch of matches.

The proprietor seems desirous of doing all in his power to render the patrons of his house comfortable; he is evidently fond of sport himself and does his best to cater for his friends' amusement. And while upon the subject I will reiterate an opinion before expressed, that all places of amusement should be licensed. If those opposed to sport, think it can be stopped by any system of legislation, they are mistaken; men if driven from public places, will seek those more private, and will still have their sport; how much better would it be for the city treasury to receive from each sporting place a hundred or two hundred dollars a year? If these places were licensed as I contend they ought to be, proprietors might keep some sort of order, and visitors need not be subject to insult and blackguardism now so frequent. I shall enlarge upon this subject in some future communication. Mr. Ashford acting upon the suggestion made in my last has sent me three letters (the only ones I suppose he has received from persons who have fought his fowls) from which I extract the following:—

NUMBER ONE.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1861.

"I have seen several of Mr. Ashford's chickens tried lately, and it gives me much pleasure to testify to their creditable performance. In no case have I seen one desirous of getting out of the road."

The above is from a gentleman whom I have the pleasure to know; he is one of the best amateur judges of fowls in Philadelphia, has had for years as good games as anybody, and would go to Washington to see a quarrel.

NUMBER TWO.

WATERLOO, New York, Jan. 30 '61.

"I sparred your stag yesterday with a Derby cock; he out fought the cock at every point, proving all you said about your stock; I am very much pleased with them," &c.

NUMBER THREE.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23, '61.

"We fought seven battles, with 1¼ inch gaffs, and I must say, I never saw such execution done before with the same length of heels. I fought the Ginger red cock against a Brass Back cock belonging to parties on the north side, it being one of the best contested battles I ever saw in my pit. The battle lasted forty-five minutes, and I lost it by being counted out, both cocks being almost cut to pieces. The fight took place about 4 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock I brought him out again to try if he would face, which he did in the presence of about twenty persons, which satisfied some of them that some people had game cocks as well as themselves. I must state to you that I allowed him to get a little more punishment than I would have done otherwise, to test his gameness, as I intend to make a main for the 17th of March, and my friends wanted me to do to it satisfy them; I must also confess that I think, if I had had four days more, I could have easily whipped the Brass Back..... The last shipment arrived all safe and in as fine condition as any lot of chickens that ever arrived at this town."

"P.S.—Ginger cock died this (Sunday) morning."

Persons who want better fowls than these have got to make them themselves; for be assured they are not to be found ready made.

Mr. Ashford writes me that, in consequence of not being enabled to find walks, he has about fifty brace for sale; and, in conclusion, I will add—but hope no one will tell him—that if I had a place to put them he should not ask twice for a customer.

Yours truly, .WHITE HACKLE.

New York, March 18, '61.

THE NATICK WALKING MATCH.—The walking match around the Common in Natick, Mass., commenced at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst., and terminated at 4 o'clock A. M. on the 14th. The feat was to walk the greatest number of hours at the rate of three miles per hour, and the purse of $15 was won by Mr. J. A. Warren. Mr. Warren and O. F. Morse both walked for twenty-one hours, but at the expiration of that time the friends of the latter were willing to allow that Warren was the best man. R. V. Marsh walked for 12 hours, "Tip the Slasher" 13 hours, G. W. Sanborn 16 hours, Richard Lilley 17 hours, "South Natick Pet" 18 hours, and John Cross 20 hours.

CRICKET CLUB.—A requisite number of young men residing in Johnstown, Pa., have organized a Cricket Club, and arrangements have been effected whereby every thing pertaining to a well governed association of the kind will be successfully carried out. The organization will be known as the "Kickenapawling Cricket Club." We understand that another club of a like nature is in progress of formation, so that plenty of the right kind of sport may be expected next summer in the above neighborhood.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

SPORT, New Haven.—"1. Three boats A, B, and C, enter a race to contend for two prizes. Outsiders bet that C beats B. They draw for positions, A drawing the inside, B the centre, and C the outside. They start fair, and after pulling for about a hundred rods, A and B both leading C, A fouls B, giving C the lead. A and B having separated, A goes on, and B withdraws on account of the foul. A overhauls C, and comes home ahead. The judges decide that A fouled B, and therefore forfeit their claim to any prize. They give the first prize to C, awarding no second prize. How should the bets between B and C be decided?".....The judges having decided that A was the aggressor, and it being understood that B was forced from the contest in consequence, the bet that C would beat B should be drawn, as they undoubtedly would be in the case of a contest between two men in a prize ring where a third party should step in and give one of the combatants a blow that would prove fatal to his cause. So far as the bets were concerned the race was entirely between C and B, and A became an outside party interfering to prevent the progress of B. Had B continued on it would have been an acknowledgement that no damage was done her. She would in that case have been awarded the second prize, and C would have won the bet. 2. We do not know the measurement.

JUSTICE, Philad'a.—We are pleased to learn that your knowledge of language has improved. You have now got the meaning of the word "introduction" exactly, and that was just what we said and meant. Let us see if it is not so. "Bringing a new thing into *notice* or *practice*," could not be well done unless repeated exertions were made. If the American players had only played in one match and then given it up altogether, it is not likely much *notice* would have been taken of it. Again, you would not call *practice* in cricket, merely handling the willow once, would you? We enumerated the parts taken in the Canada match by the New York club in our last, therefore shall not repeat them. We might add, however, that that club furnished *all the money*, except $5 given by Mr. Barclay of your city, and that was only received because he insisted. The match was played under the patronage and auspices of the New York club, and your admission or non-admission of the fact will not alter it. This is the second "introduction" of "Justice." We decline giving him a third on this question.

NOVICE.—1. "A and B are playing at billiards, both have three to make, B plays and makes six, but his ball goes into the pocket. A claims the game, as B lost all he made by pocketing himself; but B claims the game on the ground that he made six before his ball was pocketed. Is B right? 2. Does pocketing your ball from the red count more than three, and the white two, or if you make eleven and pocket your ball do you lose eleven or three?".....1. B is wrong, his going into the pocket cancelled his count, and A is entitled to the game. 2. No matter how many may be made on the shot, three for going in off the red, or two off the white, is the highest and only penalty to be paid.

LUCY DASHWOOD, St John.—Your friend wins; he betting the lady would not receive *over* $4000, and she being awarded exactly that sum. "Costs" are only a corollary to the judgment or award, and would accompany the same, were it for four cents, or $4000. For you to have won, it would have been necessary that the judgment should have exceeded that sum. The costs could have formed no part of your bet, as it is evident you were both agreed that the lady would be awarded something, and, of course, costs.

GEO. W. B., Portage Lake.—1. The occurrence you refer to in the fight between Sullivan and Bell does appear to have been irregular, but as it was a question for the referee to decide, we are unable to say why it was not considered foul. 2. Saunterer ran at Newmarket, England, in October, 1857, one mile, two furlongs and 73 yards in 2 minutes 10 seconds.

MCGUFFIN.—1. A good remedy for blistered feet from long walking, is to rub them when going to bed, with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand. 2. Boots that lace up the front, or what are commonly termed "half boots" made to fit, are the best for walking in.

WINTHROP, Boston.—*Cribbage.*—"A and B are playing, A plays a four, B a ten, A a two, B a three, and claims a sequence of three. Tother side say the ten 'spiled' it. Who's right?".....'Tother side" was right, the ten spot knocked the sequence "higher than a kite."

A. B., Newark, N. J.—*Forty Fives.*—1. The player holding ace or king, may do as he pleases about robbing. That is, he may either rob or turn the trump down. 2. The dealers in base ball material, who intend going into the business this season, have not as yet made their prices and whereabouts known.

A. P. L., Baltimore.—1. The [illegible] of Miss Ann Mallahan, eng., in the twenty-eighth year of her age. 3. About ten years ago, her remains, which had been deposited under the Collegiate Church, in the above city, were removed to Brussels, Belgium.

THAT'S SO, Boston.—"Bully for you" and "bully for us," too. The run by your worthy M. D. was made, we presume, at the four ball carom game, and not "carom pool;" consequently, 898 is the longest run on record at the latter game. Savey? Will ventilate your "big run" again in a future issue.

CONSTANT READER, Ninth Avenue.—In dealing at forty-fives, a uniform number must be dealt all round. It would be palpably unfair for the dealer to give three to all the others and but two to himself and *vice versa*. It would look a good deal like picking them out.

SPORTER, N. Y.—1. The captain of a nine has the power of placing the men, unless forbidden by the club at a regular meeting. 2. Of course a captain has no power to make rules or alter those established by the club.

J. W., Dayton, O.—1. To your first question we will endeavor to reply next week. 2. Matt Peel died at Buffalo, May 4, 1859. 3. There being so many "best negro comedians," we prefer not to give an opinion.

L. O. P., Philad'a.—1. John C. Heenan's address, is 32 St. Charles street, New Orleans. 2. We do not know when he proposes to return; before the very hot weather sets in, however, we should think.

LYCOMING.—1. You had better get some practical "cocker" to post you. 2. The fowls named are supposed to be game. 3. The pugilist you refer to, is not so afflicted.

JOHN C. S., Salem, Ind.—Crucibles may be procured of Pike & Sons, 518 Broadway, N. Y., at various prices. By writing them, you can obtain all the necessary information.

W. H., Boston.—1. Jack holds his own in the event; he is scored whenever turned up. 2. When a player begs, the dealer can give him one if he thinks proper so to do.

L. and M. Baltimore.—1. No. 1 is the proper attitude. 2. There is said to be such a book, but we have never seen a copy of it. Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 13 Ann street.

P. B., Fort Ripley, Minn.—1. Morrissey had to be assisted to the scratch by his seconds in the eleventh and last round of his fight with Heenan. 2. We don't mind the trouble.

JAS. O'CALLAGHEN, N. Y.—Morrissey and Heenan fought at Long Point, Canada, October 20, 1858.

W. H. H., Baltimore.—It was not intended to give a list of all; hence the omissions.

W. H.—You will find some excellent information on the subject of training in the "Championship CLIPPER."

JONES.—1. Madame Keller died at Cienfuegos, Cuba, about the 20th of May last. 2. We do not know the party personally.

CLINTON.—*Base Ball.*—It is merely a matter of agreement, and properly speaking, should not form a part of a challenge.

WALTON, Binghamton.—1. It is worth just about what you say. 2. Any part of that region is good for an enterprising young man.

UNCLE SNOW.—They are made to order. Call at Deverell's in Prince street, a few doors east of Broadway.

E. P. T., Plainfield, N. J.—Thank you, but we are not in want of them just now.

P. D.—1. You had better apply for the information to the lady herself. 2. Mr. Dillon is the better performer in the part named.

HARRIS, Woburn.—We made a notice of the gentleman a week or two since.

LIVERPOOL SLASHER.—Send along a forfeit; we have a customer for you.

R. T. C. S., Cross Creek, Pa.—There is a theatre located in St. Louis.

A CONSTANT READER, Norfolk, Va.—The course of Mason and Dixon's Line is nearly east and west.

INAUGARATION.—As a man of honor, A is bound to return B his ten dollars.

W. J. WHITE, Pittsburgh.—We do not know where he is at present. The letter was delivered.

COOL BURGESS, Toronto.—No vacancies at present. Will inform you if anything offers, in our next.

J. K. W., Springs.—We only publish weekly; $2 00 per year, in advance.

INQUIRER.—It was Sands, the circus manager, that died in Havana.

SCIPIO, Hackensack.—Procure "Beadle's Dime Base Ball Player."

D. S. B., N. Y.—Mr. Forrest did not perform at St. Louis in 1858.

FANCY, Philad'a.—Your communication was not preserved.

J. WILLIAMS.—Donnelly was bound over to keep the peace.

STEAMBOAT GEORGE.—We cannot give you the information.

J. W., Waterloo, N. Y.—Aaron Jones is in New Orleans.

E. L. K., Providence.—The gentlemen are not related.

A. ELLIOTT.—We have not yet had time to read it.

JAS. HUGHES.—We have a letter for you.

JACK CADE, Jersey City.—All right.

RELIABLE.—The lady is his wife.

BYRON CHRISTY, St. Louis.—It is rather late in the day to bring your "cowhiding" to the notice of our readers. With your quarrel with Mr. Esher we have had nothing to do, and your communication can only appear as an advertisement; and on receipt of payment for the same, it will be inserted.

R. F. C., Boston.—That number is out of print.

THE AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—This event, which is now transpiring at Phelan's rooms, has become both "town and table talk" among billiard players. Up to Friday evening last, the runs previously announced by us had not been beaten. The run of 898 still forms quite a topic of conversation, it being the general opinion that it out Berger's Berger himself. The prize intended for the successful competitor—a billiard table valued at $500—has been transformed into a $750 one. In other words, Mr. Phelan, with his usual liberality, his bump of benevolence having been enlarged by the "big run," has concluded to increase the value of the prize as above stated. It is a full sized table, with marble bed and combination cushions, and is beautifully inlaid with many colored woods. The settings and appurtenances are also of the best, and taken altogether, it will indeed be a valuable prize for the fortunate winner. We hope that all our amateurs who think they have a "shadow of a chance" will go in for it. We would, only we think our chances are so transparent that they have no shadow, owing to the fact that our "massey" has left us.

ON A TOUR.—Messrs Dudley Kavanagh and Michael Geary start on a tour at an early date to exemplify the science of billiards. Dudley handles the cue now as well as he can a knife and fork, and Michael—well, everybody knows how he can describe an angle, and since his late journey with M. Berger, with whom he played a great deal, it is said that he has improved wonderfully. They commence at Brooklyn this week, we believe, thence they proceed to Boston, Albany, Syracuse, &c., and so on to the West. We hope they will pocket the "spons" as well as the ivories. Last week they went to Great Barrington, Mass., where Kavanagh discounted an amateur at the four ball carom game. The amateur was a good player, and had scored 85, when Kavanagh, who had got "nary pint," let himself out, and ran the game out, too. He made a run of 100 and upwards, three times, during the evening.

BILLIARDS IN NEW ORLEANS.—Berger is still in that city, astonishing the natives with his *masse* and other shots. Since his sojourn there, he has given several exhibitions at private residences, at one of which—Mr. Richard Hill's—he was presented with a gold mounted cue valued at $400, subscribed for by the ladies. Good for the ladies. The dear creatures like billiards, and if any enterprising individual will only open a billiard establishment in this city for their especial benefit, and under proper regulations, we are satisfied they would bequeath to him their everlasting gratitude, at least. Who and where is the man?

GYMNASIA.—These institutions are, we are glad to say, getting quite numerous, and are much patronised by our youth. We attended Abner S. Brady's reception on the evening of the 13th, at his establishment No. 20 St. Marks place. The various feats performed by his pupils pleased us much; they included exercises with the dumb bells, Indian clubs, inclined and peg pole climbing, leaping, posturing and tumbling, acrobatic feats, &c. F. B. Van Vleck's drunken scene was very well done indeed, and was exceedingly amusing. The number of visitors on the evening in question was large, and select, and among them was a fair proportion of the fair sex, whose praises of the various exhibitions of strength and muscle, were altogether in the superlative degree.

"THE TROTTING GALLERY," is the title of a colored lithograph just published by Brewster & Co., Carriage Makers, Nos. 372 and 374 Broome street, representing in an exceedingly natural and life like group, the famous trotting equines, Geo. M. Patchen, Lady Suffolk, Princess, Ethan Allen, and last but not least, Flora Temple, the "Queen of the Turf." The portraiture of the respective animals is very correct and spirited, and will make a valuable addition to the picture gallery of the lovers of fast trotting steeds. The when and where of the fast mile times of each is also given, which adds materially to the value of this excellent specimen of the lithographic art.

A NEAT LITTLE AFFAIR.—One of the most [illegible] little affairs that have taken place of late, was the ball given by the Ray Tompkins Guard, at the Lyceum, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on the 15th. The company was social and pleasant, and the managers attentive and obliging, and the evening and "next morning" were passed in a really happy manner, it being after five o'clock when the assemblage broke up. To WM. C. DENYSE, Captain of the Guard, and the floor committee, we are under special obligations for kind attentions to our representative.

HOW TO DO IT.—The administration don't know how to reinforce, or provision our forts in the infected districts. Did it ever strike our wiseacres how nicely the thing might be managed by "dropping" troops and provisions into the forts from balloons? You know a good and safe descent *might* be effected before the shore batteries got the "proper range" of the falling bodies. We charge nothing for the hint. If the thing is feasible, why try it on.

SEE HERE.—The ever-reliable *Herald* says that we shall have no races on the Northern turf this year, on account of the Southern secession, Southerners generally furnishing the horses necessary to make up the races. What nonsense! Why, nearly all the recent race meetings at the North, which have been gotten up under Southern auspices, have failed. Much was always promised, but very little performed.

PAY 'EM UP.—We are threatened with the loss of Southern turf influences this season at the North. Just see what terrible things the secession movement is bringing about! Well, well, if the South will not send her horses North, we will not send our prize fighters or game cocks South, and what will they do then, poor things!—and what will they do then?

DON'T LIKE IT.—Some of our pugs get a little riled occasionally because we cannot, and therefore do not, speak favorably of their performances at *all* sparring exhibitions. We are sorry for them, and can only obviate the difficulty by letting the "disaffected" report their own performances, or not mention them at all. The latter may be the safest plan.

POSTPONED.—The Testimonial Presentation, noticed in our regular Chess Department, has been postponed for a week or two, owing to the unexpected delay of having a suitable book case manufactured, and the absence of the Treasurer to play a match in Philadelphia. We shall give the new appointment next week.

CHESS MATCH—PERRIN AND LEONARD.—The third *partie*, opened by Mr. P., was a Scotch Gambit, and produced a pretty stubborn contest of about 2½ hours, and was won by Mr. Leonard. This match is now adjourned till Mr. L. returns from Philadelphia.

SHORT CUT.—The yacht Rebecca is up for sale. This is the famous vessel that made the discovery of a "North West Passage" through Plum Gut. For making short cuts she is unexcelled.

THE ALBANY BOAT CLUBS met with a severe loss recently. It appears that after escaping the destruction threatened them by the freshet, the Pioneer Boat House and the house occupied by the Knickerbocker and Excelsior Clubs were sunk on the afternoon of the 9th inst., through the carelessness of some of the members of the latter Clubs, and now lie in a very precarious situation. The tanks of the Knickerbocker house becoming filled with water, the house sank nearly to the eaves, and being lashed to the Pioneer house, pulled the latter over on it, in which condition they now remain. The Knickerbocker house contained three boats—the Zephyr, Irving, and Old Knick—which were got out by cutting an opening in one end of the house near the peak. The Zephyr and Old Knick are stored in the large vacant building in the lower end of Broadway, owned by Messrs. Vose & Co., and the Irving in the Hiawatha Boat House. The Pioneer House, fortunately, contained but one boat, a hinge-sculler, which, we believe, sustained no damage. It will be a difficult task to place the houses in their former position, and one requiring a considerable outlay of money.

PACING MATCH.—In spite of the exciting political matters that are now daily transpiring, we see our friends in Mobile have not forgotten the exciting scenes of the Race Track. Bravo, boys, you seem posted in the old saying, of "keep the people amused, and you need never fear a revolution." On the 18th of April next, a pacing race is to come off over the Magnolia Course, between two of the "fast crabs," which promises to be a "big thing." It is a match race for $1,000 a side; $500 forfeit, mile heats, best three in five, to harness and to rule; a good day and good track to insure a start. The forfeit is "planked," and as the animals are thought to be pretty nearly matched in speed and bottom, the prospect is, that a close race and good time will be the result.

THE SPORTING WORLD IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Saturday, March 2, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER:—In my last letter I informed you that I had been absent from London, and on that account I was unable to forward you full particulars of the "on dits" which had been taking place in the circle of the P. R. At the same time I made a promise that I would, if possible, redeem the past by looking sharp out for the future; and I assure you that I have this week been all on the *qui vive*, with what success will be gleaned from a perusal of the budget wherewith I am about to commence. I have various scenes to describe, including several passages of arms and accidents, almost of *flood and field*.

On Monday, two mills were quietly announced to come off at different places, and knowing that I was not ubiquitous, therefore it would be an utter impossibility for me to be in two places at once. I selected to follow Smith and Jackson, and witness their bruising, which no one could tell aught about on account of its being their first appearance in the ring. When the two entered the ring shortly after 10 o'clock, a vast disparity was at once seen in the size of the men, Smith standing over Jackson several inches, and weighing a stone or more heavier, thus making it look almost a horse to a hen on him. But such it did not turn out, for after fighting four rounds, in 13 minutes, all in favor of Smith, the great cur in a most shameful manner declined to go on any longer, and of course Jackson was declared the winner. After every effort had been resorted to, to prevail on Smith to renew it, but in vain, and after one of the most disgusting and wretched exhibitions ever witnessed, we had to return by rail to town, just in time to learn that the other affair between Bedford and Room's Novice had come off at Sutton Coldfield, and strange as it may appear, with almost a similar result. Bedford drew first blood, and nearly blinded the Novice, and then, at the end of the 22d round, when *one hour* and *ten minutes* had been occupied, Bedford deliberately got off his second's knees, walked out of the ring, and the Novice was then declared the winner, to the utter disgust of those who had accompanied them.

On Tuesday, a game little mill was witnessed between two more aspirants for fistic honors, for *a fiver each*, Young Stiff 'Un, Jem Mace's Potman, and Teddy Dove, Charley Lynch's Potman. As each man was backed by his master, it was expected to be a good, game affair, and accordingly a good muster of East-Enders was present to see the result, which ended, after 10 rounds had been fought in 35 minutes, in favor of the little American and his *protege*, to the no small disappointment of Mace and his friends, who had booked victory as certain for the Stiff 'Un.

On Wednesday evening, Alec Keene's was crowded from an early hour until late, in expectation of seeing Hurst and Mace put in an appearance, as it was the night for them to make the third deposit of £20 for their fight for the Championship. I am sorry to say that neither appeared, and as no one was there to represent them, no small amount of grumbling was heard. Mace was at Cambridge, and Hurst at Leeds, so there was no chance of their showing at Keene's. Hurst, at the latter place, entered into an engagement with the proprietor of the Circus to show himself and the Champion's Belt to the audiences during the performance. Of course this arrangement was freely circulated through the town, and long ere the hour appointed for the commencement, every available place was occupied to witness the Champion and his Belt. Shortly before the time appointed for Hurst to show, one of the chief constables of Leeds went to the place, saw the proprietor, and cautioned him not to allow Hurst to enter the ring, for if he did he would have to put up with the consequences. Accordingly, the audience were apprised of this conduct of the bigoted authorities of Leeds, and Hurst instead of coming in the ring and showing his belt, *stood outside of it*, and thus defeated the intentions of the intermeddling authorities of the place.

I have in my former letters given you pretty clearly my opinion of the conduct of Tom Sayers, I wish I could say that Tom had done aught to cause me to change that opinion. As yet, I do not despair of his seeing his folly, and acting as a man in his position should do. On Saturday last, Master Tom had the shine taken out of him to some tune. He was about to leave Worcester for Gloucester, by the mid-day train. He took a first-class ticket, and was about to take his seat, when a gentleman inside the carriage, who it appears knew him, requested Sayers not to come into that compartment, *but find another*. Of course this could not be expected from the *lion* of the English ring, and "Tom," feeling himself offended and indignant at the conduct, instantly got into the carriage and took his seat, when the gentleman as quickly *got out*, leaving Tom to chew his cud as best he might. This little *episode* in his career will, I think, have a salutary effect, and teach him to understand that although he has been feted and almost made a god of, yet by his late conduct he is in all probability likely to make, instead of friends, foes.

The two late monster benefits at the National Baths have put the members of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association upon their mettle, and they have come to the decision that after having assisted a friend, it is high time to look at home, and they therefore have announced Monday next as the night set apart for a benefit for the association. From the list of the men announced, it will in all probability be a big one, for assuredly every one will put in an appearance, now that it is for *all* their interests; and I expect that this benefit will eclipse either the Coventry weavers or Nat Langham's.

Tom Tyler and Young Shaw have adjusted their differences respecting the time of going to scale. They have put down £2 each to fight for £100 a side, at 8 stone 10 lb., in six months time, and to go to scale between 7 and 9 on the night before fighting. This is what I expected it would come to, and when it takes place, a merry mill may be expected, and should Tyler's *hands not go*, Master Shaw will find that he will have a tough job to p[illegible]ck.

Bill Gillam, whom Tyler met last, has got himself in sad disgrace, and had his name expunged from the Association. It appears that some time ago he was accused of being *too fast* with his hands at a butcher's shop at Aldershott, and not approving of the charge, he cut it by *jumping through windows*, and up to last week he managed to evade the Blues. They, however, nabbed him, and conveyed him before the Aldershott Bench, who convicted Gillam, and sent him free of charge to durance vile, to do *two months hard labor*.

The four men, Wallis, Impey, Cupis, and Neighbour, who stood charged by the magistrate of having caused the death of Abraham Tabreson, on the Essex Marshes, on the 16th of December last, were tried at the Central Criminal Court, London, this week, and all acquitted, as the surgeon could not positively swear that the deceased came to his death by a blow given him by Wallis whilst fighting, or by a fall on the ground.

I paid a visit to Old Nat's the other evening, and he appeared in high spirits, and when I asked him about his benefit, he told me that it would set him up on his legs again. As Nat is always looking after the main chance, he tells me that he intends taking his entire stud of boxers down to Liverpool, on purpose to take a benefit there the night before the Grand National Steeple Chase comes off; for, said he, with a knowing wink, "that's the time to catch the flats."

The bold Bendigo has entered into partnership with Bill Benjamin, the Welshman who fought Tom Sayers twice, and they are going through the towns of South Wales, exhibiting the art of which the Bold Bendy possesses so much, and of which Benjamin stands in need.

On Monday last the grounds of Hackney Wick were again well filled to witness the six mile champion running match between James Pudney, of London, and J. White, of Gateshead, for £25 a side, and the Champion's Belt. The betting was slightly in favor of the London man, who ran in front nearly the whole of the distance; yet so slightly, that scarcely any lead at times was apparent, and when they were running round the ground for the last time, only a yard divided them. When nearing the goal, each tried his utmost, Pudney winning by a yard and a half, having done the six miles in 31 minutes and 28 seconds, and headed a good stake for his supporters. Yours, MARKEMAN.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 43-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 43-tf

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F. MCCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers 45-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

THE LATE MILL IN BATAVIA, N. Y.—A correspondent styling himself "Fair Play," takes exception to the report given in our issue of the 2d inst., and sends us another account written by himself, which he asserts is a correct account. By way of giving "Fair Play" and both sides a hearing, we append the document:—

BATAVIA, March 11 1861.

EDITOR CLIPPER—As I was an eye witness of the fight between Graham and Lynch, and uninterested, I wish to say something in behalf of the defeated party, by furnishing you with a correct account of

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Time was called, they both came to the scratch looking trim, Graham dropped in one on Lynch's ribs, followed up by two more in the same place. Lynch returning one on the mug, which

somewhat staggered him, and followed up rapidly, drawing him to the ropes. Lynch then tried an upper-cut which was beautifully stopped by Graham, and in return received a stunner on the mouth, when the ruby ran freely, which gave him first blood.

2. Lynch up to time, Graham a little slow. Lynch sent a lefter into his opponent's face, quickly followed by the right on his bread basket. Graham then got his "mad up," and followed him to his corner, giving him a clip clap on either cheek with his flat hand. Lynch then clinched Graham, and finally Lynch fell under.

3. Considerable sparring, and several rapid shots then exchanged, which were equally well stopped. Lynch then got an "eye closer," from the bunch of bones of Mr. Graham. The blood began to trickle down Lynch's cheek, and as a drop struck his lip, he rushed like a mad bull upon his opponent, and struck him three successive blows, which reminded Graham of "Cruiser's kicks." Then several light blows were given and taken, and then came the "tug of war," a fierce struggle of one and a half minutes, when the bold was broken, and Graham retreated, but came up immediately, only to be knocked clean off his legs. The ground being frozen, the fall hurt him considerably. Cries of foul from Graham's corner, which were over ruled, and the contestants came up for the

4th and last round. Both on time, but it appeared evident that Lynch was nearly blinded, and did not care to stand up before Graham any longer, and after a short pause, Lynch retired to his corner, and when time was called did not "come up," and was therefore declared loser.

JOHNNY MONAGHAN wishes to inform Owen Geogheghan that he has at present on hand something better than match-making (particularly on the principle matches have been made of late); but should he feel inclined again to enter the magic circle, Owney may depend on having the first chance. Johnny cannot but think that Owney's challenge savors a little of bounce, otherwise why did he not make a match with him a short time ago, when money was up on exactly the same terms as he now issues his present challenge.

DAN KERRIGAN will be happy to make a match to fight Owney Geogheghan, for $500 aside, in 6 weeks, at catch weight; or for $1000 aside, in 2 months, at his own weight, 133 lbs; Dan hopes Owney will give him a chance, as he thinks it a pity so high an aspirant for fistic honors should be disappointed.

CARD.—In answer to Johnny Keaton's challenge to fight any one at 105lb., Thos Quinn of Cincinnati, will fight him at that weight, for from $1 to $50, to fight in five weeks from signing articles. Man and money ready any Monday evening, at Johnny Mackey's Heenan Saloon, 5th street, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

DEATH OF A BOXER.—We were informed last week that a person answering to the description of Johnny Aaron, a boxer, died in the Tombs, in this city, on Monday night, March 11th. We have no positive information on the subject, but several of the boxing fraternity inform us that Aaron is the person referred to. We will make further inquiry, and, if possible, ascertain the facts connected with the reported death. Johnny Aaron will be remembered by many who attended those sparring exhibitions given at the theatre in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, a year or two ago. He was a good boxer, and very eccentric in his manner.

AARON JONES recently applied for a license to give a sparring exhibition in Mobile, Ala., but the authorities could'nt see the force of Aaron's reasoning, and the license was not granted. Aaron, we understand, has since returned to New Orleans.

SPARRERS WANTED.—A correspondent writing from Plainfield, N. J., says that it contains over 5,000 inhabitants, and that a good sparring exhibition would prove a paying speculation.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Con. Quinn, will be given at the Franklin House, Spruce street, between Front and Second streets, Philadelphia, on the 26th of March. He is at present stopping at the Liverpool House in Water street, where he will be happy to see his old friends.

OLD DUTCH SAM'S GOLD BOX.—A few days since, Elias Moss (Old Dutch Sam) exhibited to one of our correspondents, a handsome gold box, weighing 7½ oz, which was presented to him shortly before his departure from England. The following inscription is engraved on the inside of the lid:—"Black Lyon Tavern, Middlesex street, Whitechapel. This testimonial was presented to Elias Moss, February 28th, 1860, by the friends and patrons of the above house, for his kind and generous bearing towards all classes."

A SPARRING EXHIBITION, for the benefit of Tom McGreal, took place at Kerrigan's Hall on the 13th inst, which, we are sorry to add, was not very well patronized. Father Tovee conducted the proceedings, and paired the boxers off in the following order—Fitzsimmons and Elliott; Dorsey and Brother, a laughable affair; Dennis Hadden and Tom Henry, a good set-to; Macarty and Andy Akins, pitched in with not much concern for self-preservation; McFadden and Hollingwood, illustrated the art with credit to themselves, and to the delight of the spectators; Maguire and Tapscott, made an indifferent set-to; Tom Lyons and Young Tovey, had a rattling bout; Young Burns and another, gave a scientific display; John Macarty and Riley, pitched in with considerable vengeance; and in the wind-up, Tom Sullivan and Tom McGreal handled one another pretty roughly, giving evidence that they don't mind hard knocks. They also exhibited considerable skill. A speech from the master of ceremonies, tendering the thanks of the beneficiaire, brought the affair to a close.

TOM THE BOATMAN solicits the patronage of the lovers of boxing at a benefit to be tendered him at the Alhambra Assembly Rooms, No 600 Broadway, when nearly all the sparring talent of the city, are down on the bills to appear. We hope they will all attend, and not deceive the public. He winds up with Phil Clare. Tom has a host of friends, and the benefit will no doubt be a "big thing."

BALL PLAY.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF JUNIOR BASE BALL PLAYERS.

An adjourned meeting of the National Association of Junior Base Ball Players was held last Wednesday evening, 13th inst., at their rooms in Brooklyn. The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, by the President of the Association, Mr. F. B Cowperthwait. The committee on credentials reported favorably on the application of nine Clubs, whose delegates were duly received. This strong reinforcement of Clubs makes the Association a very strong one, as they now number twenty-four Clubs, viz: Resolute, Nassau, Monmouth, Arctic, Amity, Niagara, Waverly, Montauk, Free-and-Easy, Juniata, Benicia Boy, Excelsior, Jr., (Fort Hamilton), Mystic, Contest, Social, Atlantic, Jr., (Jamaica, L. I.), Uncas, Oriental, Newark, Jr., and Orator of Newark, N. J., Marion, Mattano, Pocahontas, and American Star. Messrs. M. J. Kelly, and C. D. Walker, tendered their resignations as Recording Secretary and Treasurer, which were accepted, and A. Christie, of the Amity Club, was elected Recording Secretary, and Daniel Manson, of the Mystic Club, was elected Treasurer. The following resolution was then moved and passed. *Resolved*—That the five hundred copies of the Constitution, Rules, &c., shall, as soon as received from the printer, be given in charge of the President, who shall dispose of them as follows: Fifteen copies to be allowed each Club belonging to the Association. One copy to be sent to each of the officers of the Senior Association, and also one copy to be sent to each of the principal daily and weekly newspapers published in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Newark. The balance to be disposed of as the President shall deem best for the interests of the Association, and an account shall be rendered by him of such disposition at the next meeting of the Association. All moneys received from the sale of any copies, shall be handed at once to the Treasurer, the President taking his receipt therefor. The Committee on Championship reported that they had selected the following clubs to contend among themselves for the championship, and as soon as it was decided which was the superior club, that club would receive the ball and be open to challenges as provided for in the rules for governing champion games, viz: Oriental vs Mystic, Mattano vs Monmouth, Atlantic Jr. vs Benicia Boy. After the transaction of some unimportant routine business the Association adjourned to meet in the autumn. The Junior Association is now fairly launched, with a very strong corps of clubs attached to it; an excellent and well drawn up Constitution and By Laws, and we feel certain that the organization is to be of lasting and permanent benefit to the increase and progress of this beautiful and popular sport. We look upon this matter as one of the best moves yet made to foster and strengthen our "national game," and one which deserves, and should receive, the support of every individual who takes an interest in the prosperity and welfare of the game. It is the enthusiasm, ardor, and constant practice of the "little Juniors" which brings forth and develops most of our crack players. As an illustration of this remark it is only necessary to glance at the best players of our first class New York and Brooklyn clubs, and one cannot help observing that nearly all of them graduated from the "Junior Boys." This association will also be of lasting benefit to the junior organizations in many ways. It will render their clubs more solid, create greater influence for them, and render them in a measure free from those sudden disbandments which have heretofore marked the career of too many of them. It will also create an *esprit de corps* and bond of good fellowship between the different clubs, which will prove a lasting and decided benefit to them. The committee on Championship have procured a beautiful and suitable trophy to be contended for as the emblem of superiority. It consists of an elegant silver ball. It is an exact imitation of the ball used in playing, and weighs eight ounces. It has an appropriate inscription, and was manufactured by Messrs. Wood and Hughes, silversmiths. Its engraving is very tastily and well executed by Messrs Horlor and Van Saun, of Nassau street. The following are the officers of the Junior Association for the year 1861:—President, F. H. Cowperthwait, Resolute Club; Vice President, John W. Dickens, Nassau Club; Recording Secretary, A. Christie, Amity Club; Corresponding Secretary, Robert F. Hall, Niagara Club; Treasurer, Daniel Manson, Mystic Club.

The following are the standing committees:—

ON RULES AND REGULATIONS.

F. H. Cowperthwait, J. W. Dickens, J. Woodhead, E. F. McSwiney, G. Chilton, M. J. Kelly, J. Snedgrass, G. Wilson, F. J. Karcher, W. H. McCarty, and H. A. Macomb.

ON CREDENTIALS.

F. H. Cowperthwait, C. D. Walker, R. F. Hall, and E. A. Roe.

ON CHAMPIONSHIP.

John W. Dickens, C. D Walker, Daniel Manson, F. H. Cowperthwait, and G. L. Hammond.

THE WILL TRY BASE BALL CLUB held a meeting at their Club room on the 6th of March, when the following officers were elected:—M. McQuade, President; J. McNulty, Vice-President; A. Clifford, Secretary; M. Agan, Treasurer; J. McQuade, Field Captain, Business Committee, J. McQuade, F. McCaffrey, and J. Quinn.

BASE BALL ACROSS THE HUDSON.—The players on the other side of the river, in the neighborhood of Fort Lee and Hackensack are getting ready for the fray. The gentlemen of the Eaglewood Club are taking their initiatory practice; a Club has been organized at Coytesville, and one is about being formed at Fort Lee.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 391.

ning to find that in Young Rapid's letter you had published—innocently on your part—a tissue of falsehoods. In the first place he says that "Mr. Lloyd has become very unpopular with the press." This I deny—there never was a more popular manager with the press than Mr. Lloyd; as evidence of this, I refer you to the notices given to him individually, and to the members of this troupe. Secondly—"That Mr. Lloyd had refused the tickets issued by Mr. Clark, his agent." This I again deny; all tickets issued by Mr. Clark were duly honored by Mr Lloyd. Thirdly—"That Mr. Clark, on learning that such was the case, threw up his engagement, and is now in New York." This I also deny; Mr. Clark is at this minute in Pittsburgh, attending to Mr. Lloyd's business, and making arrangements for the troupe to commence their engagement on Saturday evening next, at Henderson's Theatre. Fourthly—"That the manager and acting manager had already had a spat or two." This I most emphatically deny. We have never had a cross word but, on the contrary, everything has been conducted in a most harmonious manner, and I now tell you as a friend, I never was more pleased with a manager than I am with Mr. Lloyd. Fifthly—"That jealousy and dissatisfaction had entered the party, and that secession is already talked of." This I again deny. The company are all friendly, and appear more like a band of brothers than anything else you can compare them to; there has not been a wrangle or a cross word between any members of the troupe since the organization of the party. Now, sir, I have proved the greater part of the letter to be a falsehood, and I think, in justice to truth and honor, you should make the correction in your next issue. What your correspondent's motive could be in writing such a letter, I cannot say. As for his prediction of the band breaking up, there is no danger. Mr. Lloyd entered the business for a permanent thing, not for a day, or a week, but for all time; and for any manager, having the requisite funds to liquidate all debts, and backed up by a company of superior talent, "there is no such word as fail." COOL WHITE.

PITTSBURGH, March 16, 1861.

FRANK QUEEN—I see by your paper of this week that I am reported to have left Lloyd's Minstrels. Such is not the case; neither have I thought of doing so. The company is the same as when we left New York, and there is no apparent dissatisfaction in the troupe, your Philadelphia correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. We open here to-night, at the Pittsburgh Theatre, for seven nights. PHILO A. CLARK, Agent Lloyd's Minstrels.

The Peak Family of vocalists, harpists, and bell ringers, commenced at Strawn's Hall, Jacksonville, Ill., on the 12th inst. Through the sickness of several members of the troupe, some deviation from the usual programme took place, though not to an extent that materially detracted from the gratification of the audience.

The Holman Troupe of juveniles concluded a short stay at Indianapolis, Ind., last week. Their songs, dances, and little burlettas, seem to have been well received. On the 15th, the occasion being the benefit of Miss Sallie and little Julia, three operettas were performed, with a musical melange, including the clever performances of Master Alfred.

Mr. Rarey gave his last lecture but one on horse taming, at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 16th inst., and will give his last there, on the 19th.

Wilson & Morris' Minstrels closed at Allston Hall, Boston, on the 16th inst., after performing there two weeks. They did not meet with success. Backus was in Boston, but we understand that he did not appear with the company.

Duprez & Green's Original New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe opened at Baltimore at the New Assembly Rooms, on the 11th inst., for six nights, and considering the times did a fair business.

Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern has been performed at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, for the last two weeks. It has been withdrawn, to give place to Mr. Eddy, who commences an engagement there on the 18th inst. Sam Glenn was the star last week. Business is said to be tolerably fair since the reduction of prices to 15 and 25 cents.

An exchange states that the body of Vantile Mack, Barnum's deceased "fat boy," passed through Pittsburgh on Thursday, in a box marked:—"Agent Ohio Fat Boy, Darlington, Pa.," and described on the bill of lading as follows:—"1 Fat Boy—dead. Double first-class passenger freight. Weight, 600 pounds. Freight, $2 50." The weight, as given above, includes the coffin and box.

The new Continental Hotel and Opera Saloon, in Baltimore, will be duly inaugurated on Monday, April 1st. Mr. William Ellenger is the proprietor; C. Henri, stage manager; and A. Cassidy, agent. See advertisement in this department.

Unsworth's Minstrels have done exceedingly well since they left New York. They gave three entertainments last week in Detroit, at Firemen's Hall, and from there started for Chicago, where they perform this week. Unsworth and Eugene seem to have become quite popular, and Donniker, the other partner is also well received.

A series of People's Concerts is to be given at Philadelphia, this week, in Concert Hall. There is to be a chorus of one hundred voices, and an orchestra of 40 instrumentalists, and the admission fee only 25 cents. The first of the series was announced for Monday evening, March 18th.

Frank Rivers retains a large amount of Philadelphia public patronage, his entertainments continuing to merit support.

Business is immense with Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, the rush for the past two weeks being so great as to make it necessary to turn people away. We are glad to record the fact, for the company is a hard working one, and keep up the novelties according to the demands of the times. Eph Horn, who has been performing with the troupe, remains there three weeks longer. They have recently issued a very neat and ornamental style of programme, on note paper, with [illegible] border.

On the 20th of February, the old and spacious Theatre Nuova, in Naples, was burnt down. The house had long been devoted principally to comic opera, and was one of the most venerable left in the capital of the late kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Barry Sullivan recently commenced an engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, and at our latest advices had played Claude Melnotte, Damon, Hamlet, Julian St. Pierre, Richard the Third, and Charles Surface—a very varied round of characters, it must be confessed. The "Isle of St. Tropez" was announced for immediate representation, with Mr. Sullivan in the principal character, for the first time.

Henry Russell, the well known singer, has been doing a little of the useful, in the town of Boulogne, France, of late, by establishing a soup kitchen for the poor. So highly were the vocalist's efforts in the direction appreciated, that the municipal council of Boulogne unanimously voted him thanks for his philanthropy.

Velluti, the Italian singer, whose appearance in London was contemporaneous with that of the "Living Skeleton," and who, it may be said, shared the public attention equally with that slim gentleman, died recently in Padua, Italy, at the advanced age of eighty-two. He had long retired from his profession, and was very rich.

Mr. McDonough, at his Olympic Theatre, in Philadelphia, has met with a decided success in the production of the show spectacle of the "Seven Sisters." The piece has been put on the stage with much care, and every attention given to the wonderful scenic effects with which it abounds. To give an idea of its popularity, we might state that to night, Monday, March 18th, is the fiftieth representation of the Seven Sisters in Philadelphia. This is something remarkable for that city, for it is only once in an age, almost, that a single piece enjoys such an extended run. Mr. Randall, who assisted in the production of the same spectacle at Laura Keene's, in this city, has had the superintending of the bringing out of the play for Mr. McDonough. It has met with such favor as to warrant the manager in giving afternoon performances.

A great excitement was prevalent among the professional folks in London, on account of the united stand the managers of the theatres proper had taken against the managers of the saloons licensed for singing and dancing. Mr. B. Webster, of the Adelphi, was chosen as the representative of his fellow-lessees, and charged Mr. C. Morton, proprietor of the Canterbury Hall, with performing a pantomime, without the requisite authority. The case had been adjourned, but it seemed to be the general opinion that the "regulars" would be non-suited

The Buckleys, with Miss Julia Gould, were on their second provincial tour, and had visited within the week the towns of Ryde and Southampton, Eng.

Wallace's new composition, "The Amber Witch," was produced for the first time, at the Italian Opera House, London, on the 28th ult., with perfect success, it is said.

There are about twelve different companies of Ethiopian minstrels now travelling in England.

Miss Fanny Herring will commence an engagement of one week, at the Gayety, Albany, on the 25th inst.

The Dixie Minstrels are in Kentucky.

McEvoy's Cyclorama of Ireland is on exhibition at Smith's Melodeon Hall, Madison, Indiana.

Mons. Tosso, the "Western violinist;" Mad. Stahl, harpist; and M. V. McCann, ventriloquist, gave an entertainment at Columbia Hall, Madison, Ind., on the 15th inst.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue 42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

THE AVONITES gave a performance at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, on the 13th inst. The entertainment commenced with "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." The Ruy Gomez of Harry Eames was not quite up to the mark; he neglected the business of the character to a great extent. Although the play passed off very well, it rested mainly on the Duchess de Torreneuever of Miss Josephine Phillips, who is an excellent juvenile lady—one of the best that we have seen on the private boards. Her acting was excellent, also her business. Miss Wilson, as the Duenna, was quite the reverse of such a character. She was very imperfect in the text besides. The Charles II. of Ada Clifford was commendable. "La Tour de Nesle," which was the next play, was rendered without discrimination. We were somewhat surprised to witness the personation of Marguerite of Burgundy by Nellie Stanford Morton, as the part is utter y out of her line. The Captain Buridon of H. Rolph was passable; his best scene was at the prison, where he displays more fire than we were wont to give him credit for at first. The Walter d'Alnay of Harry Eames needs no eulogy; his rendition was excellent. The Enguerrand de Marigny of J. Ford was also good; the Count Savoisy of Billy Robinson commendable; his acting was well appreciated. C. Booth, Proctor and Kaile were passable. The "Dumb Belle" concluded the show, with Messrs Rolph, Eames and Smith doing the principal parts.

THE JEFFERSON ASSOCIATION, in order to have a quiet and respectable performance, have determined that no gentleman will be admitted unaccompanied by a lady; consequently, no special tickets will be issued. We heartily applaud this resolution, and hope amateur associations in general will govern themselves accordingly.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MARCH 11.—Mick the Grecian and Blount; £15 a side, within thirty miles of Birmingham.
11.—Ned Humpage and Reeton; £10 a side, catch weight, within twenty miles of Wednesbury.
12.—Curley and Ruff; £15 a side, Nottingham.
18.—White and Parkinson; £15 a side, catch weight, Birmingham District.
25.—H. Allen and H. Clark; £12 a side, 9 st., over ten and under fifty miles from Birmingham.
APRIL 2.—Jem Mace's Black and Owen Lee; £10 a side, catch weight—same ring as Haley and Gannon.
2.—John Haley and Mickey Gannon; £25 a side, catch weight—home district.
15.—R. James, of Aberdare, and E. Llewellyn; £50 a side, Aberdare.
23.—J. Rooke and G. Crocket—£50 a side, 10st, home circuit.
24.—T. Bedford and J. Room's Novice; £5 a side, catch weight—within fifty miles of Birmingham.
30.—Bob Travers and Booger Crutchley; £50 a side, at 10 stone, Home circuit.
MAY 23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
JUNE —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.

UNSATISFACTORY FIGHT BETWEEN GEORGE SMITH AND JOHN JACKSON, FOR £10.

On Monday morning, Feb. 25th, George Smith and John Jackson, both of Bermondsey, met in the Home district to fight for £5 a side, at catch weight. George Smith is a skinner by trade, is in his 19th year, and weighs about 8 st. 4lb. On this occasion he made his first appearance within the ropes, but he has before had two or three battles with varied success, in one of which, the event, by an accident, terminated fatally to his adversary. He was attended by Dooney Harris and Alec. McOwen, and had been in training at Croydon, with his backer, Mr. W. Heniing.

John Jackson, who is a currier by trade, is 22 years of age, and in weight 7 st. 4 lb., also made his first appearance in the ring on this occasion. He had taken his breathings at Wandsworth, and was attended by Henley and Fred. Dickinson. The ring was soon pitched, when Smith threw in his cap, followed by Jackson. A long time was cut to waste in the choice of a referee—a difficulty which was at length terminated by a well known official accepting the office. Dooney Harris won the toss for Smith, and placed his man with the wind at his back, &c. The toilets of the men having been completed they came to the scratch, and shook hands for the fight at 10.7 A. M.

Round 1. As the lads stood eyeing each other the disparity in size and weight was very conspicuous, Smith standing at least three inches over Jackson, and about 14lb the heavier. The latter, who looked very old fashioned and confident, stood with his left hand well advanced, and his right in a good position for defence or attack. Smith, who looked very shifty indeed, also stood in good form, and at this stage of the performance a merry mill was expected, several bets having been laid on the event not being decided within the hour. They soon got close to their work, when Smith led off with his left, which was well stopped by Jackson, who sent out his left as straight as an arrow, and landed it on Smith's left ogle, leaving it in slight mourning for being in the road. Smith in return dashed out his right on the cheek. They then sparred prettily, Jackson cleverly stopping one or two of Smith's left-handed shots, and then countered on the right eye, making Smith wink and blink; notwithstanding which, he delivered some heavy hits with the right on the ribs and right peeper, Jackson getting on the cheek, chest, and forehead. More sparring, when Jackson got on Smith's kissing-trap with the left, drawing the claret, which, however, was not claimed. Smith was again short with the left. A second attempt was well stopped; but two right handers met with a better fate, as they "sounded again" on Jackson's ribs. This forced a rally to the ropes, in which Jackson was forced partially out of the ring, and the seconds ran to carry their men to their corners; but the lads again renewed the battle, several good exchanges taking place in favor of Smith, who was again forcing Jackson to the ropes by his right and left hits, when Jackson slipped down. This round lasted seven minutes.

2. Smith came up as strong as a horse, and with only a mark under the left lamp, while Jackson showed the effects of a right-hander on the ribs, and with his dial flushed. Smith led off, but was out of distance; Jackson, with better fortune, got on with his left, which forced good exchanges with both hands, one of which from Smith's right fell very low, and Jackson stood for a second or two with his hand to his side. Smith rushed to him, and Jackson slipped down. A claim of foul was made, but not allowed.

3. They both came up quickly, and lost no time in commencing hostilities, Smith getting on twice with the right on the ribs; Jackson missed a vicious right-hander intended for the jaw; Smith again on the ribs twice; this forced some very good exchanges, in which Jackson got on with his left, and received on the ribs, when Smith, from his superior strength, knocked Jackson down by a right-hander on the head. Betting 5 to 4 on Smith.

4 and last. Jackson, who came up weak, showed marks on his right side, and Smith looking very serious, had his left ogle in mourning. They soon commenced operations by Smith being short, and Jackson missing with his left. They then got close, and exchanges took place, [illegible] on the body, and received on the left side of the *caput*. They then rushed to close quarters, in which Smith finished the round by throwing Jackson heavily. It was apparent to all at this portion of the affair that bar accidents, Smith must win, but, to the astonishment of every one, Dooney Harris threw up the sponge for Smith, as he stated he would fight no more; and on being questioned he made as an excuse his former misfortune. The battle lasted (!!!) thirteen minutes.

REMARKS.

There can be no excuse made for the shameful manner in which Smith gave up the contest when the battle was being decided so much in his favor, and while he had scarcely a mark. That the alleged cause was the reason we do not for one moment believe, as there had been plenty of time before entering the ring to have duly considered that matter. We have our opinion as to the cause, which, if we can trace with correctness, we shall certainly make public. The winner fought in a game and resolute manner, and it is some salve for the disappointment that so game a little fellow should reap some benefit from the cowardly behavior of Smith, who stated he would not again enter the ring. Who would back him? After he was dressed he conducted himself in a most *nonchalant* manner, saying he supposed he would have a fine "showing up." A quick journey to town by rail finished this sorry affair.

T. BEDFORD AND ROOM'S NOVICE.—These lads met on Monday morning, at Delves Green, eight miles from home, at catch weight, for £5 a side; but before they got to work the blues put in an appearance, and a move was at once made to Sutton Coldfield. Ben Garrington and Faulkner seconded Bedford, and Joe Wareham and S. Gibbons did the needful for the Novice. Bedford got first blood in the first round from the Novice's potato-trap; in the fourth round Bedford fell heavily, striking his left shoulder against the stakes, from which he was deprived of using his left hand during the remainder of the fight, but with his right he managed to get heavily on the nob and phiz of the Novice, damaging it, and nearly closing up both peepers; but the Novice, who proved game to the backbone, continued in every round getting on to Bedford's ribs, and after fighting 22 rounds, in one hour and ten minutes, the Novice being all but blind, Bedford got off his second's knee, threw his blanket on one side, and deliberately walked out of the ring, leaving the Novice to be declared by the referee the winner. Bedford stated to our correspondent that his left hand was disabled, and his right of but little use to him and gone, and knowing he could not win, he retired, and he is now open to make a fresh match with the Novice at catch weight, for £10 a side.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE GREAT RACE FOR THE SIX MILES CHAMPION'S BELT BETWEEN JAS. PUDSEY, OF MILE END, AND J. WHITE, OF GATESHEAD.—The race, which from the celebrity of the above-named men, had been looked forward to with great interest by the lovers and patrons of pedestrianism, was brought to a satisfactory issue on Monday, February 25, at Mr. Baum's, the White Lion, Hackney Wick, in the presence of upwards of one thousand spectators; and had the elements been more propitious, that number would, doubtless, have been much increased. The recent wet weather had made the course rather heavy, but Mr. Baum and Bill Price had spared no efforts to get it into the best possible condition. The admission to the grounds was one shilling each. This tended to keep the company select, and the result was that a beautiful clear course was kept throughout the race by a strong body of police under Inspectors Bywater and Bowler, and Sergeant Munroe. Pudney has for some years past been a great pet with the metropolitans, and White has gained golden opinions from the denizens of canny Newcastle and its vicinity, and from the way in which he defeated Brighton for the four and six miles belt, had also found many admirers in and around the metropolis. Since his double victory over Brighton he has been suffering from severe illness, and, in consequence, when challenged by W. Lang, of Middlesbro', for the Four Miles Belt, he resigned it to him without a race, and likewise the Ten Miles Champion Cup, to Jas. Pudney. The trophy for the late contest, however, he would not give up without a struggle; accordingly, when a challenge for the same was boldly issued by the renowned Jem, he at once accepted it.

The race was set for four o'clock, but it was not until some time past that hour that Bill Price, the M.C., ushered the men on to the course in the flannels and rugs, White attended only by Jones, of Islington, and Pudney by Mills, of Bethnal green. As soon as they made their appearance, betting began very briskly at 5 and 6 to 4 on White, which odds were eagerly taken by the partizans of the Mile-end hero, and so sweet were they on their pet, that ere the start the betting came to evens. The ground, which is 260 yards in circumference, had to be traversed 40 times and 160 yards, and when all preliminaries had been settled, the referee took up his post, the men doffed their flannels, and toed the starting mark. The excitement to see the condition of the men was at its height, and they clustered round them like a swarm of bees. Pudney, who ran in his buff, looked perfection, and White, who ran in a light blue body guernsey, appeared to have quite recovered from his late attack. When the signal to go was given, they dashed off at a rattling pace, the lead being taken by Pudney, who headed his opponent by about three yards. Perhaps two more graceful runners than these never contended in a race. The gallant little provincial evidently kept in the rear for the purpose of waiting on his man, and by thus letting Pudney make the running, White imagined he should ultimately be able to break his opponent down when he made his push, and make the result "a certainty." Pudney, who, in point of stamina, is a totally different man from what he was last year, proved himself quite equal to all that was required of him. Lap followed lap in rapid succession, Pudney still retaining the lead. No alteration took place in the position of the competitors until the commencement of the 14th lap (it being about seven times to the mile), when in going up the back stretch White in a fine spurt closed up the gap between them, and, as they breasted the rising ground, succeeded in coming to the front. He did not, however, maintain this position long, as in coming down the straight run Pudney once more raced by his man, and on the commencement of the third mile was leading as before. As the competitors came racing round the bend of the course in the 15th lap, White again put on an energetic spurt, and after closing on his opponent took the lead amidst enthusiastic applause. Both men were going at a swinging pace, and the most intense excitement prevailed. White now held the lead up to the 18th lap, when Pudney came to the front, and on the termination of the third mile was leading by some three or four yards. During the performance of the fourth mile the match was splendidly contested, the competitors, on the finish of the last lap of this mile, being so well together that they were all but shoulder to shoulder, there being, however, this noticeable difference between them, that while Pudney appeared to have plenty left in him, White was beginning to display unmistakable symptoms of distress. This so increased the confidence of Pudney's friends, that they offered the odds of 2 to 1. At the commencement of the fifth mile, Pudney again went away with the lead, which, despite the efforts of his opponent, he maintained throughout the remainder of the distance, and went in the winner of this fine struggle by about two yards, White, although in the rear, running well up to the finish. The following is the correct time of each mile:—First mile, 4 min. 50 sec; second mile, 10 min. 12 sec.; third mile, 15 min. 35 sec.; fourth mile, 20 min. 55 sec.; fifth mile, 26 min. 16 sec.; and the sixth mile in 31 min. 28 sec. It was patent to all, after the first three miles had been paced over, that little White was not the man he had been; and we very much question if he will ever again see the day when he will see the same form as on his memorable defeats of Brighton, and his fine second to Albison for the one mile belt.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND—NEVIN AND MEDLEY.—This great match between John Nevin, formerly of Stockton-on-Tees, but now of Salford, and Robert Medley, of Burnley, is one of those interesting events which is well worthy of honorable mention in the annals of pedestrianism, and although the result was quite the reverse of what hundreds had anxiously hoped for, we think the contest does not admit of any carping at by the most hypercritical that were witnesses thereof. The immense attendance of visitors at Salford Borough Garden, on the 23d Feb., was such as might have been expected, and quite worthy of the importance of the affair for decision, especially when the beautiful state of the weather and the unquestionable merits of both of the competitors is taken into consideration. The conditions of the match were to run the distance of four hundred yards for the sum of twenty five pounds a side, the winner was also to receive that beautiful trophy, the Champion's silver cup, which, up to the present match, had been in the possession of Medley. The articles also stipulated that Mr. Holden, of the White Lion, Long Milligate, Manchester, should be stakeholder and referee. Subsequently the pedestrians began to undergo a rapid preparation, Medley undertaking the training of himself, at his house, the Wellington Inn, Burnley, whilst his opponent was under the vigilant eye of his backer and trainer, Mr. George Martin, of Salford, and had taken most of his exercise on the ground where the contest took place. During the early part of the day the betting commenced at evens, at the house of the stakeholder, and a good amount of the "hardware" was invested at this price; but on arriving at the grounds, the betting commenced at 5 and 6 on Nevin, and previous to starting as much as 3 to 1 was freely invested on him. About half past three o'clock in the afternoon both men entered the arena attended by a bevy of friends, and at once disrobed and toed the mark, Medley having the inside next the rails, with Nevin on his left. On the second attempt they left the crease at a terrific rate, Nevin dashing about three yards in front in the twinkling of the eye, which he kept until arriving at the entrance of the straight run in, when he turned his head to look for Medley, which allowed him to get on closer terms, but on arriving at the commencement of the bands and irons, Nevin came on to his own side, and began sailing away from his opponent every stride, running in a very easy winner. Much dissatisfaction was expressed on the grounds by several of Medley's friends, owing, no doubt, to the length of time both men were in going the distance; but, we think, this is easily accounted for, as Nevin took him at such a rate for about 180 yards that he got abroad, and was quite off his speed, the consequence was that he was unable to finish, and thus the time was protracted.

BILLIARDS.

MATCH OF 1000 UP—MR. C. W. HITCHIN AND CHARLES HUGHES.—The benefit match for Hughes, Sen., and C. Hughes took place on Monday, Feb. 25th, at the Clayton Hotel, Great Carter-lane, in the presence of a great number of the personal friends of Mr. Hitchin, as well as a numerous assemblage of the admirers of the coming man (Charley Hughes) who had met to witness the match of 1000 up between these well known players. Our space will not allow us to enter into a thorough detail of the match; suffice it to say, that Mr. Hitchin won the break, and after some very fine play he scored the first hundred to Hughes' six. Hughes, nothing daunted, rattled away, and by some fine breaks, succeeded in catching Mr. Hitchin at 200, after which the breaks were in favor of Hughes, who, to the great satisfaction of his backers, never played in better form, and gradually getting away from his opponent, he won by above 100 points in three hours and ten minutes, making large scores off the spot. Mr. Hitchin, notwithstanding his bad fortune, scored in one instance 76, besides several other breaks of 30, 40, and two of 25 and 27. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr Hitchin for his superior style of play, the table being in favor of Hughes, from his superior knowledge of the angles, &c. It is in contemplation by his friends to make a match with the Champion, provided reasonable terms can be entered into, and, we hope, at no distant period.

TURF.

DEATH OF KINGSTON.—To the list of celebrated stallions lately deceased, we have to add that of Kingston, who was the pride and ornament of Mr. Blenkiron's establishment at Etham. Kingston was got by Venison out of Queen Anne, and bred by General Peel. In his two-year engagements he was so successful, that during the winter he stood at 15 to 1 for the Derby; but being amiss all the spring, he was stopped in his preparation for that event. And in the July meeting at Newmarket, Lord Ribblesdale, who had purchased him of General Peel, disposed of him to Mr. Morris, who won with him the Goodwood Cup, the Northumberland Plate, the Whip at Newmarket, and other races. When Mr. Morris gave up keeping horses, Kingston was purchased by Mr. Blenkiron, who held him in such estimation, that he refused 5,000 guineas for him to go abroad. Among those of his stock who most distinguished themselves during the short time his produce appeared on the turf, were Lady Kingston, Gladiolus, Man-at-Arms, and Etham Beauty.

AQUATICS.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT OARED RACE.—It has now been finally settled that this eight oared race shall take place on Saturday, March 23, from Putney to Mortlake. We continue to hear good accounts of the practice and health of both crews, in neither of which have any material alterations been made since our last week's notice. Indeed, in the Cambridge crew alone has any been made, and that arising from Mr. Blake of Corpus, who was in last year's crew, being again induced to row in his old place, No. 4, and Mr. Collings of Trinity being placed at No. 3. On Thursday last, Oxford launched their new boat built for them by Mr. Salter, and we hear that she was highly approved. In the course of the week Cambridge will have tried Mr. Searle's new boat, which is already nearly finished. It is expected that both crews will arrive at their usual training quarters at Putney on Saturday, March 16.

TROT IN MEMPHIS.—Our friends in this quarter are not forgetting their horse flesh proclivities. Our correspondent, "Peter Primrose," writes us that a trot came off in that city on the 9th ult. It was mile heats, best three in five, and the nags were three in number, viz: President, Bob Allen, and Whalebone. The trot was won by "President," in three straight heats, Bob Allen coming in second, and Whalebone bringing up the rear. We are sorry to hear that the attendance was not so good as was expected.

THE WHEELER AND WILSON CRICKET CLUB of Bridgeport, Ct., held their first meeting of this season on the 11th inst. The officers chosen at said meeting were as follows:—Wm. Bower, President; Thos. Trueman, Vice President; G. A. Staples, Secretary; W. L. Hotchkiss, Treasurer. They play their opening match on Friday, March 29th.

UNCAS BASE BALL CLUB.—At a regular meeting of this Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, W. H. Granbury; Vice President, J. Bogart; Secretary, B. J. Marten; Treasurer, W. W. Meakim; Directors, J. Bonestiel, A. Kirkland; Captain 1st nine, F. Van Nest; Captain 2d nine, A. Meakim.

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—The undersigned announces that he has yet for sale about fifty pairs of his unrivalled Game Fowls, from imported English stock.
The lot on hand consists of Cocks and Hens, Stags and Pullets, all in prime health, and guaranteed to be as represented. Purchasers would do well to make immediate application.
49-4t J. R. ASHFORD, 607 Callowhill st., Philadelphia.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

CULTIVATING THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL MAN.

A PROPER VIEW.

The London *Saturday Review*, a newspaper of which we have had frequent occasion to speak within the last year, in the tones of commendation, recently published an article of some length and great wisdom; wherein the writer enunciates the same principles in regard to the general well-being of mankind as we have often enunciated in these columns, when called upon to speak on a kindred subject. It is with no feeling of egotism that we point to the similarity. Our only motives in the business are to advert to the salient points of our English contemporary's article, and to express our gratification on finding that so powerful an organ as the *Review* is in the place of its publication, should take so much pains to do good in its generation and sphere of circulation.

The *Review* particularises briefly and in their succession of importance the subjects of exercise, rest, and mental culture, and shows the right of every individual to all these, and the imperative duty of all who are employers to any extent to render every facility they can in the direction. Moderation in the daily tasks of the employees; early closing hours, especially on Saturdays, (the Sabbath alone not being an adequate term of rest, in the opinion of our contemporary); and the devotion of two or three hours daily to the cultivation of the intellect—these are the items in the prescription of our moral physician of the *Review*. We need scarcely remind the readers of the CLIPPER that the same items have been recommended by us. Our priority of date sustains our originality in the business; the character of the *Review* is a sufficient guarantee that what it publishes in this instance has not been derived from any outside source. We and it have had our attention attracted to one special object, and have also taken a kindred view of it. In everything, journalism included, such things will occur; and the only legitimate results they present, are the facts that many subjects of general interest and importance exist, and that some writers think the same regarding them.

There is, however, a detail of the broad features of physical well-being and mental culture, which the London *Saturday Review* has the priority over us, in mentioning and illustrating. It is that of beauty. No person, our able contemporary insists, can be ugly who takes care of his body, or his body and mind together. The free air of heaven will call the blood to his cheek, while exercise will strengthen his limbs and develope his muscles. By these means, he will be rendered cheerful; and as the *Review* sagely observes: "a human countenance with a smile on it never yet was ugly, and never will be." Then, there is the mental view of the question. And there again, the *Review* enunciates a truism, by declaring that the "lamp of mind will brighten a dull eye, and soften down the most rugged lines on the student's face."

From what our contemporary further says, we should judge him to be an enemy to physic except where it is actually wanted; as he recommends a popular knowledge of the body and all its functions, and even in the course of the elaborate article we have referred to gives some information in the direction, which cannot be otherwise than very useful.

[illegible] with great pleasure—probably enhanced by the remembrance that the *Review* is not a journal ostensibly devoted to a sanitary object. Its proprietors, however, acknowledging the universal scope which a newspaper ought to have, from time to time dilate (and with a master power) on matters such as we speak of. In a very particular sense, is it the advocate of the P. R., of which evidence was given about a year ago, when the Farnborough fight was a thing to come—not, as now, a thing among the bygone. At that date, if our memory does not deceive us, we made copious extracts (accrediting their source) from the able editorial of the *Review*, touching the true tendencies of pugilism; if not, we spoke of the paper and what we conceived to be the rightful position it was taking on a subject on which its opinions coincided with our own. On another point of unanimity, it has been our business to speak in our present issue; and probably, other and similar opportunities will yet present themselves to us. Meanwhile, we may perhaps be allowed to give expression to the gratification we realise whenever we find able men, in the position of journalists, stepping out of a certain routine, or as they call it hereabouts, "old fogyism," and devoting themselves to the practical benefit of the community at large. After an elaborate criticism on art, or an equally elaborate editorial on politics, how welcome is such an essay as that in the London *Saturday Review*, which has called forth the few observations we have here made!

ANXIOUS FOR PUGILISTIC LAURELS.—A young man named John Spillane, residing in Elmira, N. Y., has just introduced himself to the world in general and the sporting fraternity in particular, by expressing his readiness to fight either John C. Heenan or Tom Sayers. To render all possible justice to Mr. Spillane, we give his "bill of particulars" in full:—

"CHALLENGE.—I hereby challenge John C. Heenan, or Thomas Sayers, to a pugilistic contest for the Championship of the world—the stakes to be from $100 to $1000; the time and place of meeting to be mutually agreed upon. I am 22 years old, and weigh 168—live weight. I was born in Dunnmeare, County of Cork, Ireland, and have lived in Elmira for the last seven years. I am well built and good looking. Am a good Roman Catholic, and will stand by my religion. If either of the above gentlemen imagine they can whip me, I am willing to give them a fair trial. For further particulars inquire by letter, or call at my residence, near the corner of Main and Hudson streets, Southport. JOHN SPILLANE"

It remains to be seen whether this gage of the Elmira worthy will be taken up by either of the celebrities referred to, or, in case of their failure, by "any other man."

THE CLIMBING CHALLENGE.—Philadelphia, March 12, 1861.—MR. QUEEN—In reply to Mr. Green's note of to-day, inserted in your paper, wherein he accepts my climbing challenge, I would respectfully say that I never intended to make a brute of myself to climb for an hour, a day, or a week, and merely meant to test the speed of some of the expert climbers. I again repeat it, that I will climb his man, or any other man, 43 feet for $100 or $500, and if Mr. Green now thinks his man is fast, and intends to accept my challenge according to the manner in which it appeared in your paper, I am his man, and I will instantly place my deposite in your hands to bind the match. I mean to climb, and in order to give him an opportunity, I will climb him best 2 in 3 for the above named amount. I hope this will prove satisfactory to Mr. Green, and I hope to hear that he at once accepts. In order to play fair, I will climb Mr. G. half way, between Philadelphia and New Brunswick.

CHARLES TIMMONS, Fire Alarm Telegraph Office.

DIDN'T COME OFF.—Recently, at Denver city, Kansas, a great number of persons assembled on the course, in the expectation of witnessing a trot between two little steeds, mile heats, for a large purse; but were obliged to go away disappointed, as forfeit had been paid and the bets drawn. It is said that sport generally in the neighborhood was at a very low ebb, although, no great time since, it was quite flourishing. This falling off, so far as regards the turf, is attributed to the withdrawal of stock to New Mexico and other places, also to the scarcity of money, particularly among the sporting fraternity.

TROTTING PARK IN CINCINNATI.—In view of the speedy commencement at the proper season, the above place has undergone several improvements of late, which are likely to tend to the comfort of the patronisers of the turf who are in the habit of congregating there. Several horses are already in training. In the forthcoming season of sport, the hero of many a hard-contested race, Old Taconey, will, it is believed, take a prominent part.

WALKING.—A correspondent in Dayton, Ohio, says that "Jack Sheppard," the pedestrian, closed his feat of walking 100 consecutive hours, without rest or sleep, on March 2d. He was to have commenced another walk, at Springfield, Ohio, on the 12th, and from there would go to Fort Wayne, Indiana.

BASE BALL.

INSTRUCTIONS IN SCORING.—In the game of Cricket, scoring the result of the various contests has been reduced to a regular and perfect system, and it is about time that something of the kind was adopted in Base Ball, whereby a true and correct record of the games may be had, not only for publication, but also for the purpose of taking an analysis of the play of each member of a club throughout the season. With this view we have prepared an article on the subject, from which those unacquainted with the details of scoring, in Base Ball matches, may be fully competent to discharge the duty. It is true that our clubs have a method of scoring that answers the purpose well enough to a certain extent, but all do not score alike, nor is there any regular system. We have been surprised that the "Committee on Rules and Regulations," in the National Association, have not taken the subject into consideration, for it is one bearing on the interest and welfare of the game Every club should have a regularly-appointed scorer, and he should be one who fully understands every point of the game, practically and theoretically, and a person, too, of sufficient powers of observation to note down correctly the details of each innings, and it would be desirable if, at the same time, he possessed that peculiarity of disposition that leads a man to observe carefully, in his actions to those around him, the amenities of social life; or, in other words, he should be a thorough gentleman, for assuredly it needs one to occupy a scorer's seat at a first class match; for the annoyances, of one kind or another, that scorers are subjected to, is a pretty severe trial of patience, and an admirable test of the gentlemanly qualifications of the individual in question; for what with devoting his attention to every movement of the players, replying to the almost endless questions of incompetent reporters; and interested spectators, and in addition being obliged to restrain the crowd from encroaching on the space around him, he has enough to do to try the patience of Job himself. For the information of new clubs, and those at a distance from the city, we give below the printed form of a regular Base Ball Score Book, the size of the squares devoted to the record of the play in each innings being not less than half an inch.

BASE BALL CLUB

PLAYERS.	POSITION.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H. L.	RUNS	REMARKS
1. Masten	Catcher	H R		6 L F 1							1		
2. Creighton	Pitcher	3 A 1 9 F 2 7 D 3									1		
3. Pearsall	1st Base										1		
4. Oliver	2d Base		6 R O 1 1 T F 2 K								1		
5. Smith	3d Base										1		
6. Pearce	Short Stop										1		
7. Russell	Left Field			1 H 2 4 B 3							1		
8. Manolt	Centre Field										1		
9. Grum	Right Field										1		

Umpire.....
Time of Game.....
Date of Match, and where played.....
Scorer.

It will be observed that each player is numbered from one to nine, and his position on the score book remains the same throughout the game, no matter how often it may be changed on the field, such changes being recorded under the head of "remarks." We will now suppose a game to be commenced, and proceed to record it. Now suppose the 1st striker makes a run, we make a dot (.) in the corner of the square of the innings following his name, and also a mark (1) under the head of "Runs," thus locating the run made and checking it at the same time. Many only make the mark under the head of "Runs," but the addition of the dot is advisable. The next striker is put out, and we place the figure one in the square of the innings following his name, and supposing the two following strikers to be put out in succession, we place first the figure 2 and then 3 in their respective squares, thus ending the innings. This is the simple record of the "hands lost" and "runs made" only, and gives no details of "how put out" or "by whom put out." In order to record these details effectively, we have to resort to a system of abbreviations, using certain letters and figures; and we now proceed to give the method we have adopted for years, and which we originated entirely. The names of each player being numbered, all we have to do is to use these numbers instead of writing their names; thus far we use figures. The letters we use as abbreviations of the various terms employed in the game, our alphabet being as follows:—

A for 1st Base.	F for Catch on the Fly.
B for 2d Base.	D for Catch on the Bound.
C for 3d Base.	L for Foul Balls.
H for Home Base.	T for Tips.
K for Struck Out.	H R Home Runs.
R O for Run Out between Bases.	
L F for Foul Ball on the Fly.	
L D for Foul Ball on the Bound.	
T F for Tip on the Fly.	
T D for Tip on the Bound.	

The above at first sight would appear to be a difficult alphabet to remember, but when the key is given it will at once be apparent that a boy could impress it indelibly on his memory in ten minutes. It is simply this. We take the first three letters of the alphabet to designate the first three bases, and we use the *first or last letter* of the word we wish to use afterwards; thus, H, for home, K, for struck; F, for fly, and D, for bound; T, for tip, and L, for foul; and then combine the letters, thus, T, F, standing for "tip on the fly," and L, D, for "foul on the bound." No one can glance over the above alphabet of abbreviations a dozen times without having it pretty well impressed on his memory. To illustrate the above method we will describe an imaginary game played by the nine whose names appear in the diagram of a score book, the opposing nine occupying the same relative positions. Masten, being the first striker, hit the ball to right field and made a home run, this we record by placing a dot in the left hand corner of the square, with the letters "h.r." over it, and at the same time making a mark under the head of run. Creighton, being the 2d striker, was put out at first base, and Pearsall, following, was caught out, at right field, on the fly, and Oliver, at left field, on the bound, thus ending the innings, one run only being scored. We thereupon place the figure one at the foot of the column of the 1st innings. Now, in recording how and by whom these players were put out, we use the alphabet as follows: Creighton being put out at first base, we first place the figure, opposite the name of the first baseman, on the square of the innings, and then the letter A as shown in the diagram, and Pearsall being put out on the fly by the right fielder, we record it with the letter F, and Oliver being put out on the bound, we simply use the letter D, prefixing, of course, in each case the figures indicating the name of the fielder by whom he was put out. In the 2d innings, Smith being the first striker, was run out between the bases, in this case we record it by first placing the figure indicating the name of the fielder who touched him with the ball, and then adding the letters R O. Pearce being next, and tipping out on the fly, we use the figure as before, adding the letters T.F.; and Russell—third striker—striking out, we simply write the letter K without any figure, the result of the 2d innings being nothing. In the third innings, Manolt and Grum each make runs, which we record by dots and marks; Masten is caught out by a foul ball on the fly, and then each player makes a run, until Manolt again takes the bat, and he goes out at home base, Grum following suit at 2d base, which we record as per diagram, using the letter H in the former case, and B in the latter. Each player thus loses one hand and makes one run, the total runs in the 31 innings being 8, and the grand total of the three innings 9. No further illustration is required, we think, to give any person a complete idea of this method of scoring the details of the game, and as our space is somewhat limited, we shall defer any further reference to the subject to some future period.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE necessity for this sort of education in building up a whole man, so persistently advocated by us, is being more and more recognised in the right quarters. The CLIPPER was the pioneer journal in laying this matter before the American people, and at a time too, when such an idea as "physical culture a prime necessity" was scouted as a fallacy. Since then, however, a wholesome change has been brought about, and other journals have stepped in to do battle for this principle, among them, the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, whose opinons, here appended, we take pleasure in endorsing:—

"For years past there has been a growing conviction in the minds of the best educators of youth, that there is something radically wanting in our plans of College education. As an intellectual system of development for those whose previous attainments enable them to enter upon it thoroughly prepared, it is unsurpassed by that of any age, provided only the physical health is uninjured, and the moral principles are properly and proportionably developed. But there is the rub; it is too exclusively intellectual to be a complete and perfect system of education for a man.

As a means of developing the moral nature, great improvements have been made in College arrangements within the past twenty or thirty years. Instead of Paley's utilitarian moral philosophy, which is but epicureanism in disguise, text books like those of Wayland, Haven, and many others, have been introduced, while the day of prayer for Colleges has been attended and followed in many instances with a marked effect to giving earnestness and practical application to that moral and religious self-culture without which all the highest effects of education are wasted and perverted.

But it is physical education in which our Colleges have chiefly been so much behind the requirements of the age. He who for four years, while the body is growing and the frame consolidating, neglects entirely the proper training and development of the physical system, will rarely become a true man among men.

In England, the wild sports of rowing, cricket, shooting, skating and fishing are so generally pursued, that the systems of education which have grown up there have not had to provide, but to limit these exercises. Yet even there, such a man as Lord John Russell has to stand aside and play second to the blustering Lord Palmerston, almost entirely because the latter is a better physically educated man, while the former is only metaphysical. It has of late years become almost a proverb at Oxford, that the best rowers and wrestlers and riders make also the best scholars and strongest thinkers.

In this country it often happens that some of our most industrious college students are tall, thin youths, who have all their lives been used to work hard, physically, as their parents were, before them. They have studies to make up and a determination to beat, from a real inward thirst after knowledge, as well as from the thirst for distinction. If, by some lucky accident, these young men are forced to take exercise enough, either to earn a part of their living or to walk to their boarding houses, they will and do make the very finest scholars in their class and of their age—the men of greatest grasp of mind, retention of memory, and persistency of purpose. But, in nine cases out of ten, they break themselves down by want of physical exercise and development before they are half through their course.

At Amherst College, they have now a professor whose whole time and attention are devoted to the physical exercises of each class. They are drilled and marched in military fashion. They learn to climb and run, and play all sorts of gymnastic antics, like Zouaves. The dumb-bells are brought into exercise, and a thousand feats, from the experience of all past ages and German science, are introduced to develope every muscle. Each class has its daily exercise, and the effects exceed the most sanguine expectations. No accident has yet occurred, and not one has been in any way injured. But the health, strength and vigor of all are perceptibly improved.

This is not all, however. The minds of the young men are as much strengthened as their bodies; instead of smoky, lazy, lounging students, with mind and body enveloped in nervous atmospheres of fog and tobacco, vigor of thought is found to be very perceptibly increased. The moral advantages are equally great. "Larks" and "sprees" are at a discount, and the young men having a natural vent for the pent-up physical energies of their frames, those erratic and injurious outbursts so common in college life have comparatively disappeared."

THE SPORTING WORLD IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER:—Absence from London during nearly the whole week, at the great Altcar coursing meeting, prevents my writing you many fresh facts concerning the doings and proceedings of the Prize Ring and its members. Had I remained in town, I am of an opinion that it would have been almost with the same result, for my *factotum*, whom I can safely trust, informs me this morning that I have not lost much by my absence, for he has been on the *qui vive* all the time, and gathered nothing.

Young Shaw, (the conqueror of the game little American, "Charley Lynch,") and Tom Tyler met at Jem Mace's, on Tuesday night last, for the purpose of drawing up articles for a mill, at 8 st. 10 lbs. each, for a centum a side. A large company was assembled at the Norwich Champion's, when, to the great disappointment of the whole assembly, the match fell to the ground and ended in smoke. Why this should have been, I cannot imagine, the only difference being in Tyler wishing to go to scale on *the day before* the fight, and Shaw then, to be contrary, wished to scale on *the morning* of the mill. I accidentally came across Mace this morning, and he informed me that he was willing on the part of Tyler to defer the weighing until eight o'clock the night before fighting, and having heard from Shaw that he would not have much objection to this proposal, I have every reason to believe, and hope, that these two clever light weights will be brought together.

On Wednesday night next another deposit for the championship, between Mace and Hurst, takes place, at Alec Keene's, London, when it is expected that the two principals in the affair will be present, as also a very great company of the chief friends and supporters of the P. R. Hurst is about to take up his residence at Harry Brunton's, in London, for a short time previous to going into his training quarters.

Tom Sayers is still starring it with the American circus, and this week was at Worcester, where a number of gentlemen who have heard and knew of his courage and valor, but not of his base conduct in deceiving so repeatedly his best friends, presented him with a handsome and valuable gold breast pin, as a small token of the respect and esteem in which he, Sayers, is held at Worcester. For myself, I have no objection for the public to present him with whatever they feel disposed; yet at the same time I cannot but admit that the greater part of Englishmen are the biggest *gulls* in the world; for here they are heaping upon this man an independency for life, and yet, in the face of all this, he has the *ignorance* and *audacity* to treat the public, his friends, with the greatest disdain and contempt. How long this will last I am unable to say, but I imagine that the end of the tether is nearly reached, and then, probably, Mr. Sayers will know who has been the most to blame.

The Pugilistic Benevolent Association has announced a great and monster benefit; in aid of the funds of the Institution at the National Baths, on Monday, the 4th of March, when a new feature is to be introduced by the payment of a guinea each to those that spar. This will be a great inducement for those to come forward who are appointed, and thus insure a great and good benefit.

I am also pleased to say that Old Nat Langham, in addition to the bumper which he had last week, has had sent to him, since Monday, £20, by gentlemen who were unable to be present at his benefit.

As I have before stated that I was absent at Altcar during the week, I may as well give you a few mems. of this great meeting, for a great meeting it decidedly was, there being comers from almost all parts of the world present, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America helping to make up the number. In my last letter to you, when speaking of the great wrestlers' cup, I believe that I made honorable mention of Faldonside and the dogs from *bonnie Scotland*. I am pleased to say that my information was of the right description, as Faldonside won his first race, whilst the cup was won by a Scotch dog belonging to Mr. Campbell, of Ayrshire. The name of the winner is Coneradro, by Beacon, out of Scotland, yet a good name for the dam, and which applies well at the present time. The number of subscribers to this great prize is 64; and this year they consisted of 37 English, 18 Scotch, and 9 Irish. On the Tuesday night there was a great amount of money betted upon it at Liverpool. Mr. J. Blackstock's Maid of the Mill reigning first favorite at 100 to 8, whilst the winner was at 40 to 1. On Wednesday morning the attendance was immense and almost ungovernable, nevertheless the officials set about their work in good earnest, and hares being rather scarce, the company began to settle down into something like good order, and the day's sport went pleasantly on; during the day no fewer than *fifty nine* courses were run, and *fifty-six* hares killed, when time was called, at about 20 minutes past five. On running through the card, after the first round, it was found that there was left in 22 English, 5 Scotch, and 5 Irish dogs; so that the backers of the English appeared to stand on velvet. On Thursday morning it rained in torrents, and made the ground very heavy, and at the close of the second ties for the cup, the formidable appearance of the English lot had dwindled down to nine, the Irish four, and the Scotch only three. In the third ties, Scotland came out in fine colors, each of her representatives remaining in. The lot now standing was England 4, Scotland 3, and Ireland with one, which, in the next spin, got put out, and thus the result was left equally divided with the other two countries. In the fifth ties, each country was successful, England being represented by Mr. Spinks' Sea Rock, and Scotland by Coneradro, which, in the deciding event, bowled over the Sea Rock, and placed this rich trophy once again to the credit of "Bonnie Scotia," much to the chagrin and disappointment of thousands who had staked their coin heavily upon the English dogs.

A few words respecting the turf, and I have done. Dundee remains very firm for the Derby at 7 to 2; Chere Amie ditto, for the Chester Cup, at 10 to 1; Franc Picard, the French horse, in great force for the Liverpool Steeple Chase at 7 to 1; Klerikoff has become first favorite for the Two Thousand Guineas, at 7 to 1; with Kettledrum very shaky, and Diophantus, Lord Stamford's colt, gone to "pot," as much as 20 to 1 being freely offered against him. Russley, on the other hand, appears to look very healthy, and I should not be much surprised to see Mr. Merry win the Two Thousand with Russley; the Derby with Dundee; the Oaks with *Sweet Hawthorn*, and the French Derby with Rambler.

Kingston, probably one of the unluckiest horses of his day, and decidedly one of the best horses ever foaled, died on Wednesday last at Mr. Blinkeson's establishment at Eltham—the above named gentleman having purchased him about two years ago for the sum of *four thousand guineas*.

As death has been visiting the stud, so has the old scythe keeper lopped off this week a well known owner and trainer of horses; the former being Mr. Foster, the well known owner of Underhand, Upperhand, and others. The trainer is Mr. Richard Sherrard, of Dover, who has during his turf career brought to the post some of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle.

The new features for next week only include Birmingham, so that there will be leisure time for looking round and obtaining any *bon mots* that will be worth dotting down in the pugilistic world by your correspondent. MARKSMAN.

P. S.—I had omitted to state that another of the old school of British boxers has been called to his long home, viz, Bishop Sharpe, "the Bold Smuggler," after a very long illness, aged 67. The bold smuggler had many a turn up in his day, and amongst his most brilliant mills I may mention his defeat of Alec Reed, Bob Nall, Jack Cooper, the Gipsey (twice), Tom Cooper, Tom Gaynor, and others. The poor old fellow was always noted for answering quickly to the call of time, but his last *round* came on Wednesday, and not being able to fill his post, he had to *give in and cry a go*. As he was a good and brave man, I cannot conclude better than wishing "*Peace to his ashes.*"

THE "PERILS" OF YACHTING.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1861.

DEAR CLIP:—Will you indulge an old shipmate with a small corner of the sportsman's favorite; years agone we had the pleasure of weekly communion with you, and those happy reminiscences will never be obliterated from our memory, whilst this old hull of ours floats on the sea of life. We have weathered many adverse gales, my old friend, since we last trod the decks of your saucy CLIPPER, and we feel somewhat battered, and rusty, and must crave your indulgence of the present log.

FIVE DAYS IN THE DELAWARE BAY.

Got the yacht Emley under way 26th February, 12 M., with double reefed sails—blowing a gale of wind from N: west, with snow squalls. Came very near being run down by steamer Washington; a life preserver was thrown to us from the ladies cabin, doubtless by some hebe or houri, or else perfection in yet more lovely form. One of our party, however, the facetious Wray, an old salt of the first water, had the brutality and bad taste to hint that our heroine was no other than the *steamer's colored cook*. A soul stirring snifter of the "O-be joyful" saved us a faint. Came-to at the Horse Shoe for harbor; even the heavy coasters had to follow suit. Our Sammy got us up one of the best hungry man's feed, which was duly appreciated; after which, hot punch and pipes followed over a sociable game of Euchre. All hands turned in d-d-*drowsy*. Daylight, under way again, wind still fresh from S: west, cold as poverty, our decks are covered with ice; made sixteen miles against wind and tide, which Captain Craige claims as tall sailing for his little pet. Off the Highlands of Christine, whilst struggling through a heavy sea, an ugly flaw came very near spilling us all in the river. "Haul your wind," was at the time humanely engaged in assisting "Our Sammy" in getting up another stunning feed, in furtherance of which he was manfully struggling with a huge pot of the "savory," which vulgarly insisted upon dancing a jig; patience and perseverance were about to meet its reward, but alas for the mutability of all human affairs; the stove capsized with a crash, deluging our amateur cook with mutilated "spuds," ham gravy, etc. etc. Let us draw a veil over the scene; fate had willed it that we should be dinnerless for that day, and the world deprived of a new recipe for lob-scouse. As the sun set, we came to within a hundred yards of Reedy Island light and, joy of joys, supped. Reader has't ever had the rich aroma of the coffee-pot wafted to your sensitive olfactories after a twelve hours fast on a salt water cruise? If not, thou has't lived in vain; 10 o'clock at night, piped all hands to make sail, wind fresh S: east, passed Duck Creek light in fine style, wind increasing; spliced the main brace for the hundredth and one time. Ran over Ship John Shoal buoy, which sent the centre board up in the well with a bang. Friend Wray was away in dream land, luxuriating in the slaughter of wild fowl; springing from his berth, he rushed on deck vociferating in the most approved stentorian, "who in bloody thunder shot that duck gun off in the cabin." We quietly remarked that "some folks" was looney, at the same time recommending a drink, which passed all round merrily. After which, Captains Wilkins and Craige went into a very elaborate discussion on Shoals, much to the amusement of "Haul your Wind," who nautically got off the following—"Gentlemen, you're both wrong—You see, Reedy Island light bears Nothe, Duck Creek light nother by west, half pint sou; Cohansy light east sou east by half nothe; Mahones Ditch light, due sou a pint; and the light boat eastard just *two quarts*." He was then relieved from duty, and politely requested to turn in. The weather became thick, shutting out the lights entirely, and we were obliged to feel our way with the lead. After a boisterous but jolly voyage, we made Old Duck Creek at two o'clock, 20min. Ran up abreast of Mingu Ponds, and dropped anchor. Next week we will, with your permission, introduce your readers, to some tall "gunnin'," and close this never to be forgotten trip. Yours truly, FLINTS.

THE TRIGGER.

THE TRIGGER AT CINCINNATI.—The first shooting match of the season came off there on the 11th inst., between the members of the West-end Shooting Club. The conditions of the match were 12 single birds, 21 yards rise, and 100 yards bounds. The following is the score:—

F. MUNDY'S SIDE.		BENDERSON'S SIDE.	
Mundy	1101111110100— 8	Henderson	1110111111010 — 9
Smith	1111111011110—10	Ferguson	1001101111110— 8
Robinson B.	0111111110111—10	Higdon	1111111101110—10
Harris	0101010001110— 5	Hoy	1111111111111—12
Ruffin	0111100111111— 9	Mash	1000011111111— 8
Zimmerman	1111100111110— 9	Rollins	1111111111000— 9
Marsh	0101011110010— 6	Cutter	0111111101110— 9
Pfau	1111111001111—10	Loring	0101111011111— 9
Cox	1111110111111—11	Riley	0011000001000— 3
Garssen	0011100011101— 6	Balm	0011110010000— 5
Stephens	1011111101110— 8	Carlton	111111— 6
Carlton	110111— 5		
Total	97	Total	96

Carlton arrived on the ground a little late, and did not take part in the shooting until the last six birds, and in order to make it even, he shot on both sides, there being no other member of the Club present to make the complement complete. Afterwards there was a private match between Mr. John S. Kafe, of Paris, Ky., and J. Sterling, of this city. 6 double birds, same rise and bounds as above, the contest resulting in a tie, each killing all his birds. Night coming on, the shooting was postponed to the 15th inst.

SHOOTING MATCH BETWEEN CORNELL AND THE JERSEY BOY.—A shooting match came off on Monday, February 18th, 1861, at E. J. Pennypacker's, Nicetown, between John Cornell and Wm. Seeds, for $100 a side, with the following conditions:—To shoot at 25 birds each, from ground trap, 21 yards, 80 yards boundary, 1¼ oz. shot; the birds all to be taken from one basket; A. Vance to trap for Seeds, and Cornell to trap for himself. The following is the result:—

J. Cornell....1011111111101111111111111—23 in 25
Wm. Seeds...1111111111011101111100011—20 in 25

The odds were 5 to 4 and 5 to 3 on Seeds, with plenty of takers.

STILL ANOTHER.—Between Wm. Carson and Seeds, for the same amount, at Kaighn's Point, N. J., on Monday, 25th Feb., with the same rules, except each man to pull his own string, 25 birds each. Cornell was Carson's trapper, and Vance trapped for Seeds. Summary:—

Wm. Carson..... .....10111 11110 11111 11101 1—18 in 21
Wm. Seeds..... .....00110 01110 11101 01110 —12 in 20

It being out of the wood for Seeds to make a tie, the match was declared in favor of Carson.

A SHOOTING MATCH is announced to comeoff at Forreston, Ogle Co., Ill., on Friday, March 15, 1861. James Petrie, Jr., and Jess. Allen, challenge any two persons who may choose to accept, to shoot for $15 or $20 a side.

QUOIT MATCH.—A match at Quoits took place at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 4th and 5th of March, between Alexander Finnach, of Ayrshire, Scotland, and Richard Greenhalgh, of Lancashire, England, for a purse of $500 a side, on the following terms:—Finnach pitching two quoits against Greenhalgh's three quoits, Finnach's two quoits weighing 21 lbs., and Greenhalgh's three quoits weighing 27 lbs.; distance, 18 yds.; number of points, 101. On the first day, Greenhalgh scored 50 against Finnach's 28, and on the second day, Greenhalgh scored 31 against Finnach's 51. Total in the two days—

Greenhalgh.....81 | Finnach 79

On the third day Finnach passed Greenhalgh at 85, and led him the remainder of the game, ending six points ahead. It is said that over $5000 changed hands on the game, and the excitement was intense, the backers of both parties having confidence in their man.

CHALLENGE.—Finnach respectfully challenges any man in the world, for the sum of from $100 to $2000 a side, to play a game of Quoits. Man and money ready at any time, at the Washington Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

INDEPENDENT BASE BALL CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA, was organised during the present month, by the selection of the following officers:—President, Jas. R. Hunter; Vice-President, Howard Adams; Secretary, William S. Mustin; Treasurer, Robt. D. King; Directors, E. Coleman, Alex. Wilson, John G. Borbek; Executive Committee, Chas. A. Day, Henri L. Forster, Saml. Murphey, M.D. No match games will be played by the association. We learn that the indebtedness of the Benedict Club will be assumed by the Independent.

A LITTLE GO AT BILLIARDS.—Quite an excitement was created recently in the town of Batavia, Mich., on account of a few fast young men belonging thereto making a stampede to Le Roy, for the purpose of participating in the beautiful game of which the "cue" is a principal instrument. The result was the defeat of the Batavians, who had entertained high hopes of leaving their antagonists "nowhere." The former, however, intend to have another trial very soon, and are hopeful of coming off in full feathers on the occasion.

NOT SO.—Mr. W. W. Waddell writes us, denying the statement that he would play Mr. Moore, of Hamilton, C. W., a match at billiards for $200 a side, and says that it was a hoax gotten up to do him an injury, by some maliciously disposed person. We sincerely hope that this explanation will prevent the "hoax" alluded to, from doing the gentleman the injury he anticipated.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CORRECTION.—We see by the columns of a contemporary that it is proper to amend, slightly, our record of the late scores of our Chess Champion. *Observe*—The point he selects from which to commence his public score, is the commencement of the late tournaments in which he was engaged. At that point he ceased to look upon himself as a chess pupil only, and entered the lists as a chess player. There were two more games, than those given, played with Mr. Maroche, making the total score:—Mr. M., 0; Drawn, 2; Mr. Leonard, 7. Of course if the distinguished loser can draw a couple or three rays of consolation from raking up stupid contests of 80 moves, before the time above specified, we are not the man to grudge them. Other additions will be made at the proper time.

THE KAPPNER AND KLATZL TESTIMONIAL.—This is a most gratifying success, the roll having already reached a goodly length. Pursuant to the call in last week's CLIPPER, a spirited and unanimous meeting was held, and the completion of the affair put into the hands of the following Committee, all of whom are duly authorized to extend the list, and receive subscriptions:—MIRON J. HAZELTINE, Chairman; JAMES A. LEONARD, Treasurer; F. EUGENE BRENZINGER, H. C. ALLEN, and GEO. H. PEABODY. Messrs. Kappner and Klatzl have elected to take a book case, after paying for which, the balance to be expended in Chess books, for the use and interest of the *habitues* of the rooms. Saturday evening, 23d inst., has been appointed as the evening of presentation, and the Chess Editor of the CLIPPER unanimously selected to make the presentation address.

PERRIN VS LEONARD.—The second *partie* of this match was contested on the 11th inst., at the Brooklyn Chess Club. Mr. Perrin essayed a "French Defence," but at the 18th move jumped into a balloon, cut the cords, and—*ps-fu-sch!* went up out of sight and hearing in a jiffy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. R. WATERS, Baltimore.—Very glad indeed to hear from you, and shall be most happy to make your acquaintance. Thanks for the game—but we don't exactly understand what you mean by publishing it "just as it is." If you mean to forbid us from expanding your very meagre notation into conformity with our usual system, we decline the game. The notes of course we'll give, crediting you with the authorship.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR, Philad'a.—Welcome back, old friend! Our ☞ Your contribution shall have a place, and we'll hope for more.

THEO. M. BROWN, Penn Yan.—Thanks for your letter; very sorry to hear of your serious illness; we, too, will still hope for the best.

WM. C. MILLER, N. Y.—Various favors at hand, thank you.

CHAS. H. BLACK, Newcastle, Del.—On examination we find that we can, probably, make quite an addition to your collection of Chess Autographs. As to the Enigmas—we should have too much trouble to convince our readers that they are really original. You should spend about two years in the best study and discipline attainable before proposing anything further for publication.

L. HONK, Brownsville, Tenn.—Remittance at hand; in time, you see, for the Stanley Horwitz games. Though Herr H. won the match it is far enough from being the most creditable thing he ever did. Will not forget you.

N. R. SHEDD, Springfield, MASS.—Sent, hope it came safe.

GEO. P. BAXTER, Lowell.—Order filled, though, of necessity, in a little different form from your expectation; nevertheless we trust you will find yourself not merely satisfied but pleased.

ENIGMA No. 268.

From The (London) Field.

BY HERR RICHTER.

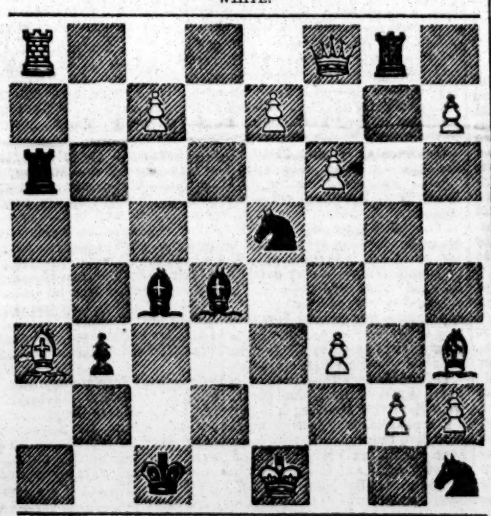
White to play and give mate in three moves.—(Fine!)

PROBLEM No. 268.—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 6.

"Perseverance Conquers all Difficulties."

BY P. RICHARDSON.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in six moves.

GAME NO. 268.

One of the match games between Messrs. Leonard and Thompson.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Leonard.	Defence, Mr. Thompson.	Attack, Mr. Leonard.	Defence, Mr. Thompson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q to her R 4	Q B to Q 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..K B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..K B x Q P	Q x B P
4..P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	17..Q B-Kt 4	Q x K B
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	18..Q B x Kt	K B x B (*d*)
6..P-Q 4	K P x P	19..Q x K B+	P-Q Kt 3
7..Castles	P-Q 6 (*a*)	20..Q-K Kt 5+	P-K B 3
8..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K 2 (*b*)	21..Q x Kt P	Q x Q P
9..Q B-R 3	P-Q 3	22..Q x K R	K-Q B 2
10..P-K 5 (*c*)	K B-Kt 3	23..Q-K Kt 7	Q R-Q sq
11..K P x P	Q-K B 3	24..Q Kt-K 4	Q-K B 5
12..K R-K sq +	K-Q sq	25..Q R-Q sq	P-K B 4
13..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-R 4	26..K Kt-K 5	B P x Kt, and

Attack mates in four moves.

(*a*) We suppose this move "has its points," but do not believe them long, sharp, or numerous enough to thwart this attack.

(*b*) The tendencies of this move are not good; it delays, at least, his castling, becomes an element of weakness and loss of time.

(*c*) The assault is spirited and determined.

(*d*) The path of the Defence has been narrow and rugged, and its difficulties now lead him into positive error. The veteran is now put through a series of chess exercises that must at once have disgusted and astonished him not a little. Q to her Kt 4th was the only move, but even then it is probable the Attack would have won.

The 3d *partie* of the match between Horwitz and Stanley, at Manchester, Eng.—*Manchester Express.*

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Herr Horwitz.	Mr. Stanley.	Herr Horwitz.	Mr. Stanley.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Kt to K B 3	P to Q R 4
2..P-K B 4	K P x P	14..P-Q R 4	Q Kt-B 3
3..K B-B 4	P-Q 4	15..K R-K sq	K Kt-B 4
4..K B x P	K Kt-B 3	16..Q B-Q 4 (2)	Q-her 3 (3)
5..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	17..Q-her 3	Q B x Kt
6..Q-K 2	Castles (*a*)	18..Kt P x B	K Kt x B 4
7..K B-Kt 3	K B x Kt	19..B 2d P x Kt	Q x Q P
8..Q P x B	Kt x K P	20..K R x R +	Q R x R
9..Q B x P	K R-K sq	21..K-Q B sq	Q-K B 5 +
10..Q R-Q sq	K Kt-Q 3	22..K-Kt sq	P-K R 3
11..Q B-K 3	Q-K 2 (1)	23..Q-her Kt 5	Q x B P (5) (*b*)
12..K-Q 2	Q B-Kt 5	24..K-K B sq	Resigns.

Notes—Letters, Stanley; figures, Staunton.

(*a*) Throughout the very difficult combinations now ensuing the Defence is admirably managed. Each move, in fact, may be fairly characterized as a study.

(1) The Defence has now a manifest advantage in position.

(2) This miscalculation should have cost Horwitz a piece.

(3) It is scarcely believable that both players should have overlooked so palpable a fact as that now Q Kt takes Q B would have won a clear piece.

(4) Again he has a sure victory in his grasp, *e.g.*—

18..	Q to K B 5 +	20..K R x R	Q R to Q sq
19..Q B to K 3 (*)	K R x B	21..K B-Q 5	R x K B, and

the Defence wins.

*19..R to K 3	K Kt x R	21..Q x K R	R-Q sq +, and
20..B x K Kt	K R x B	Attack cannot save the game.	

(5) Without this decisive one his chapter of blunders would not have been filled to completion.

(*b*) An unaccountable oversight by which the game is, of course, at once forfeited. It is strange, but yet true, that accidents of this nature form a component part of the very best chess play.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLYTHE, Schuylkill, Pa.—Received $5 "on account," and have notified Acceptance of the same. "May the best man win!"

ACCEPTANCE.—Blythe has forwarded the sum of $5 to us, which he proposes to wager against a like amount, to be deposited in our hands by you—the winner to expend the money for "bed and board," or anything he chooses. If these conditions meet with your approval, send the V. and a move, and we will "allow the dance to proceed, with the cut off up!"

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanks for recent favors.

JAKE BROWN, of Brownsville.—Go it, Jakey.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 80.—VOL. VIII.

BY A. S. H.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..24 to 19	15 to 24	4..14 to 10	7 to 14
2..23 19	16 23	5.. 9	20, and wins.
3..18 15	11 25		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 15TH POSITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White
1..13 to 17	30 to 26	6..17 to 21	8 to 11
2.. 5 9	12 8	7..22 25	11 15
3.. 9 13	26 30	8..25 29	15 18
4..17 22	8 4	9..29 25	30 16,
5..13 17	4 8	and wins.	

GAME No. 44.—VOL. VIII.

From the American Draught Player.

OLD FOURTEENTH.—BY ALONZO BROOKS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	19..18 to 22	14 to 10
2.. 8 11	22 17	20.. 5 21	19 1
3.. 4 8	17 13(*a*)	21..25 21	1 6
4..15 18	24 20	22.. 2 9	13 6
5..11 15(*b*)	28 24(*c*)	23..25 30	6 2
6.. 8 11(*d*)	26 23(*e*)	24.. 8 12	2 7
7.. 3 8(*f*)	23 14	25..19 23	7 16
8.. 9 18	21 17(*g*)	26..12 19	20 16
9..18 22	25 18	27..30 25	16 11
10..15 22	27 23(*h*)	28..23 26	11 17
11.. 5 9	32 28(*i*)	29..26 30	7 3
12..11 15(*j*)	23 18	30..30 25	3 8
13.. 7 11	30 26(*k*)	31..26 23	3 12
14.. 9 14(*l*)	18 9	32..25 21	12 16
15..15 18	19 16(*m*)	33..21 17	16 20
16..12 19	24 15	34..17 14	20 16
17..10 19	17 14	35..14 10.	Drawn.
18.. 1 5(*n*)	26 17		

Notes.

(*a*) 25 22 and 26 23 draws. (*b*) 9 14 draws. (*c*) 26 22 draws. (*d*) 7 11 draws. (*e*) 25 22 draws. (*f*) 9 14 and 18 22 draws. (*g*) 30 26 draws, 27 23 loses. (*h*) 30 25 draws. (*i*) 30 25 loses. (*j*) 9 14 loses, 1 5 draws. (*k*) 30 25 loses, 10 16 draws. (*l*) 2 7 loses. (*m*) 19 15 draws. (*n*) 11 15 draws.

For play on these variations, see American Draught Player.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8		

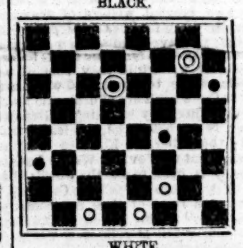
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
1..11	15	22	18
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8		

POSITION No. 81.—VOL. VIII. THE 16TH POSITION OF STURGES.

By JAKE BROWN, of Brownsville.

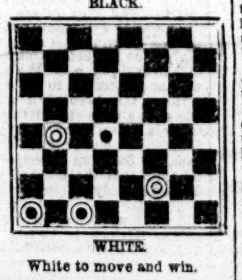
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Henry Sutton, The Game Black.

A "DARK" AFFAIR.

Since the heavy milling days of Molineaux, no pugilist of color was so much thought of as Sutton; in fact, it was long time a question, whether he was not the gamest Black that ever appeared in the English prize ring. He was about thirty years of age, and a native of Baltimore, in America. Sutton, it appears, was employed, after his arrival in England, for some years, as a corn-porter, in Deptford; and he achieved numerous conquests in that neighborhood, over some hardy fellows belonging to the Dock Yards, &c., particularly a most desperate fight with a man of the name of Dunn, for an hour and seven minutes, in the street. Curiosity, it is said, attracted Sutton to witness the mill between the two Men of Color, Robinson and Stephenson, at Coombe wood, on Tuesday, May, 28, 1816. Sutton being a tall, strong, athletic man and not much unlike Stephenson, it seems, was noticed on the ground by some of the amateurs, and a purse was offered him to enter the lists with another Black, also selected from the crowd. Those sombre heroes having agreed to the terms proposed to them, entered the ring without further preface. Richmond and Harmer seconding Sutton; and Cropley and Paddington Jones taking the other Black under their most especial care, who was inferior in every point of view, in height, strength, make, look, and age, to Sutton. The set-to was truly a great novelty:—

Round 1. The long arms of Sutton looked terrible towards punishing, and he began to work in a hurry—and Cropley's black seemed equally as eager to meet him. Such a term as science ought not to be mentioned upon this occasion. It was a sort of slip-slap hitting, dodging, and turning round, till at last they met and came to a violent hug, when much pummelling took place between them. They, however, broke away from this close embrace, and made a complete stand still of it, looking at each other and panting for breath. Cropley's black now folded his arms, nodded his head, and began to point his finger, laughing at his opponent; this conduct so enraged Sutton, that he rushed in and planted a chopping hit which made Cropley's beauty dance again. It was now the comic scene of a pantomime, and new tricks were introduced at every step. Sutton, in making a blow at his opponent's nob, hit his cap off, and his bald pate appearing, the spectators set up roars of laughter; yet notwithstanding the variety of ludicrous postures exhibited by these black Quixotes in search of chivalrous exploits, some heavy milling passed between them. Four minutes and a half had at length passed, amid the most uproarious shouts and applause from the lookers on, when Sutton, to put an end to this singular round, grappled his opponent and brought him down.

2. On setting to some hornpipe steps were jigged by Cropley's black, added to the grimaces and antics of a pantaloon. The arms of Sutton trembled astonishingly, and his frame seemed much agitated. He made use of the chopping blow, and whenever his distance proved correct, his hits were evidently tremendous. Some few blows passed, when Cropley's black was thrown.

3. The little one did not seem to like milling; and, perhaps, had it not been for the charms of a purse, he had never entered the ring. In fact, he was no match for his opponent. He hopped about the ground, and hit at random. Sutton trembled so violently, that he claimed particular notice in this respect. He seemed partial to chopping at his opponent. Some few blows were exchanged, when Cropley's black fell, and thus finished this caricature on milling.

GOOD FOR THE APPETITE.—From the following it would appear that the air of Carnarvonshire, Wales, is conducive to the appetite. At a dinner, given in that locality, recently, a gentleman "made away" with the following items:—1. A plate of soup. 2. Ditto of soles. 3. Ditto of codfish. 4. Do. of hare. 5 Ditto of turkey. 6. Ditto of goose. 7. Ditto of partridge. 8 Ditto of a wild duck. 9. Do. a large, full one of plum pudding. 10. Cheese and celery, and ever so much ale. The company seemed delighted at the gastronomic exhibition, but the landlord looked rather gloomy.

ACRES.—A Scotch acre is equal to about one and a quarter English acres.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

From The Sporting Telegraph, February 24, 1861.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, FOR £400 AND THE BELT.

The third deposit of £20 a side has to be staked at Alec Keene's, the Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on Thursday evening, Feb 28, between the hours of eight and ten P. M. Jem Mace was alive and kicking at "Ould Nat's" benefit, and certainly did not look less blooming than heretofore. His only anxiety seems to be that Hurst's supporter will not be able to stand preparation, and therefore detract from his credit should he win.

PUGILISM AT LEEDS.—SLASHING MILL FOR $10.—YOUNG PEEL AND BALDER.—On Monday, Feb. 18, these lads met at daybreak, according to articles, on the Dewsbury road, Hunslet; but before they could commence hostilities the proceedings were stopped by the appearance of five of the blues belonging to the borough force, which caused the would-be competitors to shift quarters. One *bigot*, on horseback, stated that he would follow them wherever they went, to put a stop to their fighting. After some consultation among the blues, who had increased their number to fifteen, an attempt was made to "cop" the boys, who, however, gave them leg bail. Two of the "Bobbies" gave Peel a chase of more than two miles, but when near Morley Tunnel he gave them the double, and again met his opponent near the Robin Hood. About ten o'clock they entered the arena, and fought thirty-nine slashing rounds, which occupied one hour and thirty minutes, during which time both men were severely punished. During the last half hour Peel had only one hand to fight with, having disabled his right. He, however, made good use of his left, which told effectually on the frontispiece of his opponent. During the last few rounds both men were completely exhausted, without any prospect of either winning. Their backers, therefore, agreed to stay proceedings, which was done accordingly. A more game and determined fight was never witnessed, each alternately taking the lead, and of course the favoritism in the betting. At the latter part of the fight Peel had only one hand to fight with, and his opponent was getting gradually blind. Peel, who had been too much reduced in his training, weighed 7st 4lb, and Balder 7st 6lb. We understand the backers of the men have given each their stake, they being so well satisfied with their endeavors to win.

DEATH OF BISHOP SHARPE, THE BOLD SMUGGLER OF WOOLWICH.—We are sorry to have again to announce the decease of one of the old school of boxers at the age of sixty eight, from the effects of a paralytic fit, at 41 Hale street, Dabtford. The performances of this veteran are amongst the foremost; his memorable battles with the celebrated Alec Reed, Tom Gaynor, Cooper, the Gipsey, and young Burke, of Woolwich, are as familiar as "household words" to the habitual frequenters of the ring.

TOM KING AND HARRY POULSON.—The articles sent by King to Poulson have at length been signed, and the men have agreed to fight on May 23d, for £100 a side, in the home Circuit.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT-OARED RACE.—The exact day for this great event has not yet been finally settled by the authorities, as it may in some measure depend upon the Trinity examinations at Cambridge; but in all probability Saturday, March 23, will be fixed upon, and on that day the tides will allow of a start at a more reasonable hour than has of late been usual. We give below the names and weights of the rival crews as they have been rowing during the past week, but it is possible that alterations may take place in the former, and very certain that on the day the latter will be considerably changed, when severe training and long rows shall have told their invariable tale. Let the good wishes of all oarsmen cheer both crews through those unseen labors which are at last to reap their reward in the general approval and praise of the practised critic on the Putney waters.

OXFORD.	st	lb
1..Champneys, Brasenose	11	0
2..Merriman, Exeter	10	3
3..Medlicott, Wadham	12	9
4..Halsey, Ch Ch	12	0
5..Morrison, Balliol	13	4
6..Hopkins, Corpus	10	13
7..French, Ch Ch	9	12
8..Hoare	10	11
Ridsdale, Wadham (cox)	9	0

CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1..Richards, Trinity	10	6
2..Chaxtor, Jesus	10	13
3..Wright, Trinity	11	0
4..Collings, Trinity	11	3
5..Mason, S. Catharine	12	12
6..Coventry, Trinity Hall	13	5
7..Fitzgerald, Trinity Hall	11	9
8..Hall, Magdalene	10	4
Gaskell, Trinity, (cox)	8	4

Mr. Edward Searles is building a new boat for Cambridge, and the Messrs. Salter for Oxford.

PEDESTRIANISM.—WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—This match in which John Gwynne of the 1st Life Guards was backed to walk twelve miles within two hours; the backers of time laying the odds of £8 to £5. The event came off on Monday, Feb. 18, at the Chalk Farm Tea Gardens. The ground gives a circumference of seven times to the mile, and when the preparatory matters had been adjusted, Gwynne, in complete pedestrian outfit, made his appearance on the course. In build he is a remarkably fine man, and was sanguine of success, although many of his staunchest admirers were of opinion that he might not possibly be able to bring this maiden effort in a public match to a successful issue, as he had not long recovered from a severe indisposition. When Gwynne was told to go, he went away in good style, and accomplished the first mile in 9min. 15sec. Throughout the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth mile Gwynne continued the struggle at the winning pace, this portion of the match being completed in 55min. 30sec., so that he had thus far got Old Time well by the forelock. On the part of Gwynne, however, a great diminution of speed now became apparent, the nine miles being done in 1h. 23min. 40sec., and so confident became the backers of Time that they offered to lay the odds of 2 to 1, but there were no takers; although when half the distance had been completed, and Gwynne was found to have so much time on hand, there was a great desire evinced on the part of his admirers to back him. During the tenth mile it was evident that the soldier was in distress, for once or twice he rubbed his stomach as though he had a touch of cramp. His friends finding on the finish of the tenth mile how hopeless was the struggle, as he had no chance of winning, wished him to resign, but he gallantly kept on, although evidently going slower and slower, and when time was called had walked eleven miles and four laps, having three more laps to pace over ere the entire distance would be completed.

JEM MACE'S BLACK AND AN AMATEUR FOR £10.—On Friday morning, Feb. 22, there was a large muster of the *East Enders*, at Hackney Wick, who had received the office that a running match would take place between Jem Mace's *Young Wolf* and a North Country Amateur, at Hackney Wick; distance, 100 yards, the "Black 'Un" receiving five yards start. The race admits of little description, as the 'Darkie" improved on the start, and won by about four yards.

JUMPING.—J. Bond, of Gorton, near Manchester, has, by his many previous successful performances, eminently distinguished himself in jumping, and having made a match with H. Hurst (alias Careless), of Haggate, they arrived at the Copenhagen Grounds, to decide their engagement, which was 15 hops and a jump, at stand, for £25 a side. The betting at first was 5 to 4 on Bond, but it subsequently rose to 5 to 2 on him. The celebrated pedestrian, Siah Albison, of Bowlee, filled the office of referee. Hurst went off first, but slipped and fell on his hands, and he was followed by Bond, who excelled him. The next time he tried, however, Hurst bounded away in earnest, and jumped far in front of Bond's mark. This jump Bond failed to reach in his next three attempts, and thus Hurst proved the winner of the match. The distance covered by Hurst was 59yds 20in.

A RUN OF SIX HUNDRED YARDS.—A race came off Feb. 2d, at Ludwig's on Cottonwood, near San Francisco, between Page's black horse and Wilson's sorrel mare, Glass-Eye, for $1,600 a side, distance 600 yards, and was won easily by Page's horse, in 32 seconds. It is said there could not be less than $10,000 in cash and property changed hands at this race.

TROTTING.—ESTHER AND NANNY.—EXCITING MATCH FOR £50.—On Tuesday, Feb. 19, several hundred persons found their way in all sorts of conveyances to the trysting place appointed for this match, viz, at the fourth mile-stone on the Kilmarnock New Road, and although the weather was most unpropitious, the rain descending in torrents, every one was in high spirits, in anticipation of witnessing a good race. It had been agreed that they should start at the fourth mile-stone, and go ten miles out and ten back, the whole distance being twenty miles; and shortly after three o'clock the "ins" appeared at the starting post, Esther being steered by her owner, Mr. Levy, whilst Mr. Ramsey had secured the services of Mr. J. Train for Nanny, who had evidently been trained with great care, her condition being superb. Esther appeared short of work. On the signal being given to start, Esther dashed off with a slight lead, which she increased to about thirty yards the first half mile, where Nanny, having settled nicely down to her work, got more steam on, and gained on her opponent, whom she passed before the first mile was covered, and going on at full pressure, increased her advantage to some forty yards, and in this position they travelled the first six miles. On entering the seventh mile, Esther was let out a little, and soon drew herself level, but again immediately "came back" to her old position, and so they continued till the ninth mile was covered, when a most exciting struggle commenced for the sake of getting first turned, Esther slowly but surely gaining on her opponent, the master hand of her pilot doing her great service, she passed the last quarter of the tenth mile she turned, and took a commanding lead for the first two miles home, where she was stopped to drink. Nanny, under the able guidance of Train, soon passed without stopping, who made such good use of his time here, that he was 100 yards a head before Esther could be set going again, and they maintained these respective positions for four miles further, when Esther again began to creep up. In going the next mile, the 17th, the tire of one of the wheels of the trap Mr. Levy drove, got loose, and ultimately came off; but going on he quickly passed the other, and was leading some 30 yards, when Nanny bolted, and coming up on the wrong side of the road, grazed the wheel without the tire, and in the next 30 yards came an awful crash, Mr. Levy coming down a "puller," of course, completely stopping his career, and all his chance of success. Nanny went tearing along at a tremendous rate, quite uncontrollable, having completely lost her temper, but was ultimately stopped, and taken to where the accident occurred. Her driver having got out of his trap to assist his fallen opponent, Nanny was trotted over the ground by some one with a view to claim the stakes, but the referee has not yet given his decision, preferring to leave it to the parties to effect some settlement. Betting shortly before the accident was 3 and 4 to 1 on Esther, and before starting 5 to 4 was laid on her. Mr. Levy has not sustained any injury further than a severe shaking, and a few cuts and bruises about the knees and face. It is confidently anticipated that they will trot again.

A KING LENDING A HAND AT THE "MACHINE."—We learn from a Honolulu paper, that at a recent fire, the Governor of a section of the Sandwich Islands did good service at a fire, with forty assistants, each furnished with a bucket of water. At the same time, the King himself and Prince Lot were both on the ground, and worked as efficiently as any other two persons there. Good for King Kamehamehah!

AN IRISH HORSE COPER.

HOW HE CAME IT OVER THE MANCHESTER FOLKS.

HORSES AND BUYERS ALL SOLD.

A few years ago an Irish horse coper brought a string of the best looking "flatcatchers" across the Channel that I ever saw together; They were all well-made horses, well bred, and in superb condition. For two or three weeks prior to their arrival in England they were advertised in the Liverpool and Manchester papers as the property of an Irish nobleman, to be sold by auction, without reserve, at a livery yard, situated among the densely packed warehouses in the heart of Manchester.

Great preparations were made by the proprietor of the yard; the stables were whitewashed, and the boxes bedded down knee-deep in straw, every square inch of the front walls was plastered over with large posters, and neatly arranged catalogues were freely circulated, and many sent by post to the most horsey merchants in Manchester and adjacent districts. An auctioneer was engaged, who, although a man well up in the ways of the world, knew about as much of a horse as a sea-fish knows of its grandmother, but his respectability and standing in the town made a capital passport for the coper to the pockets of his victims. The livery stable keeper knew as much, and no more, than the auctioneer about horses, and when questioned about the owner of them, he winked one eye, and shook his head.

"The fact is," said he, "the nob has done the pace too fast, and is obliged to pull up, and the whole stud must be sold. There'll be no reserve."

The day before the sale took place, this herd of cripples, numbering twenty eight, was landed from one of the Dublin steamers at Liverpool. They were all clothed in complete suits of one pattern, marked with the initials "L. L." The clothing had been bought for the purpose and soiled, to make it appear as if it had been more or less in wear; thus with the knee-caps and bandages, the screws were packed as carefully as Egyptian mummies. Railway-boxes were engaged at Lime street, and it was arranged to send them by a train, which arrived at the Victoria Station, Manchester, about twelve o'clock, the time when the merchants would be in and about the Exchange (where the horses must pass on their way to the mart). The screws were every one led separately (by men engaged for the purpose), in Indian file, about a couple of yards from head to croup, and, as may be supposed, they created no small sensation among the country manufacturers and merchants on 'Change.

Manchester men are fond of "bargains," and those who are established in the staple trade there have generally money in their pockets, or they know where to get it at very short notice, and although I know some sporting writers, who sneer at the idea of the "Manchester school," as they term it, knowing anything about horses, yet I can assure my readers that I am personally acquainted with many Manchester men, who buy as good horses, and are quite as much at home across country in the pigskin as the best of London gentlemen, and let those who cherish a contrary opinion gird up their loins and take a turn with the "Cheshire" among the bullfinches, or the rasping stone walls so often to be met with in the counties hunted by the Oldham, Disley, or High Peak harriers, and I am sure they will come away convinced that Manchester men are "men" indeed, and not to be sneezed at, just because they make their money out of cotton and calico (very good things in their way, seeing that we must have shirts). But, however, many of these cute Manchester men, in common with four London and eleven Liverpool gentlemen, were jockied to an unheard of extent in the great "horse auction swindle" at Manchester. Even a clever dealer from the West-end of London came down and bought two, for which he left notes and gold to the amount of £110. One of his "bargains" was lame in the shoulder, and the other subject to staggers, and died in the stall soon after he arrived in London.

A cold, damp November fog ushered in the day of sale. The auctioneer mounted his rostrum at eleven o'clock, and made a sort of speech to the numerous and respectable assemblage. I could not hear *all* he said, but he tried to look as pompous as possible, and commenced with some rigmarole about being commissioned by the agent of an Irish Peer, well known on "the turf," and in "the chase," whose racing stud had been recently sold at Tattersall's, and who was now reluctantly compelled, by a chain of adverse circumstances, to offer his stud of splendid hunters and hacks for sale. He was instructed by the agent to say that the animals were all perfectly sound, with the single exception of a bay mare, which had caught a little "sea cough" *in transitu* across the channel, in fact, the unsound and amiss horses had been sold or turned out to a straw yard in Ireland, the expense being too great to bring them over at the risk of not being able to sell them. To these preliminary remarks the auctioneer added that the horses would be sold to the highest bidder, who must pay *for* them at the fall of the hammer, as the agent *must* be in Ireland on the following day, the cash being urgently required.

The staff of "touters" were posted here and there in the crowd to bid and run up the prices, and the sale commenced in earnest. The horses were shown in a narrow carriage-way, forming the entrance from a busy thoroughfare to the stable yard. This was prepared for the crippled feet of the screws, with a deep bed of litter from the dung heap; and over that again a plentiful supply of clean straw, to hide side-bones and sand-cracks, by burying the feet in the straw. A smart, rakish looking roan horse, beautifully clipped, and in fine condition, was brought from the box on to the litter, to the end of which his groom led him, at a business-like walk, without jigging or silly antics; he was trotted back, and placed in front of the rostrum. Twenty pounds, five-and-twenty, thirty, and thirty-five, were the offers in quick succession, until they reached sixty-five pounds, for the roan gelding, and his clothing (the clothing of every horse was sold with him.) "There's no reserve, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "as he knocked him down to the purchaser, who at once forked out his money in true Manchester style. This was a famous beginning, and, in less than two hours, every horse, including the one with a "sea-cough," was sold (and so were the buyers.) The victims were pleased with the new style of showing the horses; there was none of that whipping, shouting, and scrambling on each other's toes out of the way of the horses' heels, so common at some repositories, where the horse is seldom permitted to show a distint pace of walk, trot, or canter. And here I may observe that, notwithstanding few, even of the most finished connoisseurs in horse-flesh, will close a bargain for a saddle horse until they have seen him "walk," I do not know a single horse bazaar in the kingdom where the proprietors check their "whippers up" in the foolish practice of punishing and frightening the horse on offer the moment he emerges from the stable, to the danger and disgust of many gentlemen who would otherwise be purchasers, for when so alarmed and punished, it is not in the nature of a high-couraged horse to make the most of himself, as some erroneously suppose, because he cannot settle down to his paces and perform them with anything like confidence, while a fellow is torturing him behind with a long whip, and another is continually chucking up his head with a deep-levered, jaw-breaking bridle. For the horse is then much in the same position as a man would be, were he in a narrow lane, with a high wall on each side, the sea before him, and the devil behind him. In fact, all that an intending purchaser can see of a horse at many repositories, is a series of hops, skips, and jumps.

In making these remarks, I do not wish to insinuate that no good or cheap horses can be bought at horse auctions, for I am well aware that many first-class horses change hands at such places. But in these cases the purchasers generally know more of the horses they buy than it is possible for them to ascertain while they are writhing and contorting their forms in fear and agony under the loud cracking and keen cutting whip in the hands of the men employed for the purpose at every repository.

Gentlemen who may know little of horses, as well as really good judges, like to see them in their natural state, and free from excitement, caused by artificial means, more especially when produced under their eyes by punishment. In fact, they wish to see them as they are likely to appear at their own stables, after purchase. But even at the establishments of many respectable dealers it is a common practice, when showing a horse to a customer, to cut him with a whip, or to rattle a hat behind him, when he is in the midst of a nice, steady trot (the very pace at which the customer may wish to see him), and this instantly causes a high-couraged horse, when fresh in condition, to break his pace, and jump with his hind toes close up to his fore feet; thus the natural, steady, business-like action is suddenly transformed into a succession of antics similar to the irregular gambols of a young bear.

The indiscriminate use of ginger is also to be strongly condemned. Indeed, there is no real use in its application; it only tends to mislead the customer, by producing a false appearance, for the effect produced is only transient, and, in many cases totally opposite to the one for which it is applied. And even where it may enhance the horse's appearance, and forward the "deal," it creates a feeling of dissatisfaction in the mind of the buyer, when the horse is seen in his true colors, at the stables of his new master, who always will prefer natural to artificial courage and false appearances.

All this was well known to the experienced coper, who acted as the assumed agent of an Irish Peer. He had studied human nature as well as horse nature. The whole transaction was divested of anything like professional horse dealing, and many of his victims thought they were making a good thing out of him, because he did not know how to make the most of his master's horses, or was not sufficiently interested to do so. The result was, that the horses found customers as fast as they were brought out of their boxes. The agent appearing so very green, completely allayed suspicion, if any ever existed, as to the sale being a *bona fide* affair.

The auction realised upwards of a *thousand* pounds (the average value of the screws was certainly not more than *ten* pounds each), and, after paying the auctioneer's and livery stable keeper's expenses, the agent shook them heartily by the hand, and told them he was off to Liverpool to catch a Dublin steamer that same evening. But he got into a Stockport omnibus, and rode to Stockport, from thence by rail to London. By this ruse, his victims were off the scent. He had only one confederate, the touters were only engaged for the day to "jolly." The confederate went to Dublin, from whence he telegraphed to the auctioneer, in the name of the agent, to be kind enough to go to the inn where he had slept, in Manchester, and fetch a rug (which he had purposely left there), and pack it up in a parcel, directing it to an address in Limerick. This dodge sent several victims to Ireland after the agent, for, as may be imagined, there was "the devil to pay" among them all a few days after the sale, when the various infirmities began to develope themselves.

Most of these screws were more or less unsound in their wind, some *quite* broken-winded, some high-blowers, pipers, grunters, or roarers; others had navicular diseases, &c., &c. Nearly all were as old as men, but none were spavined, or had curbs or splints. There were no outward infirmities among the whole lot, and the ruse of selling them at a place where there was no room to run them on the stones, was only discovered when too late.

I may inform my readers that I have much more to say about the "agent of the Irish Peer," who met with one of the most bitter of his victims (a Manchester lawyer) about two years after the event related in this chapter.

BATTINGLOR.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

JERRY BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,
P. B. ISAACS,	N. W. GOULD,	J. H. SIVORI,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. D. CONNORS,	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. ADAMS,	J. H. HILTON,	H. PERCEY,
T. J. PEEL,	T. NORTON,	OLD DAN EMMETT,

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE,
(Late Ordway Hall,)
BOSTON,
OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY
In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES,
Consisting of the following first class Talent.

E. BOWERS,	FRED HESS,	
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT,	
R. SANDS,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,	
E. W. PRESCOTT,	MAST. GETTINGS,	
R. M. CARROLL,	J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	
CARL TROUTMAN,	JOHNNY PELL,	
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	BILLY MORRIS,	
J. P. ENDRES,	LON MORRIS.	

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
43 LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. HOOLEY,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	R. RUIGK,
J. H. SCHMITZ,	CHARLES WERNIG,

W. H. SIMMONS.
For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
47 J. C. FABB, Agent.

WILSON & MORRIS'
MINSTRELS.
Fifteen Star Performers.
First Annual Tour previous to
THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
Look at this array of talent.
CHARLEY BACKUS,
the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.

Mr. CHAS. REYNOLDS,	GEO. W. SHEPARD,
ADD. WEAVER,	LITTLE BARNEY,
S. P. EMERY,	A. JONES,

FRED WILSON,

M. T. SKIFF,	W. A. FIELD,
F. CORDUKES,	C. BOSWALDS,
J. D. BURTON,	W. H. BROCKWAY,

CHAS. W. MORRIS.
We, the management, contend that WE have the best Quartette, the best Musicians, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we COURT criticism and defy competition.
FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY, Proprietors.
40-tf CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MRS. MATT. PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
25-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY,
ROBT. LANE,	THOS. JEFFERSON,
G. L. HALL,	G. H. WARRE,
A. C. STONE,	HERR HECK,

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38-tf

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RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS
RETURNED FROM HAVANA, CUBA.
In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—by death—we were, for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled to forfeit all engagements and leave the Island for home. The misfortune that befel us has caused the management to disorganize until the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent, such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the season of eleven months, will address
41-tf RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
51-tf SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, DETROIT.—MR. E. T. SHERLOCK has resumed the management of this establishment. Miss Susan Denin is now playing a brilliant engagement there under his management. STARS wishing nights, will address E. T. SHERLOCK,
47-4t* Theatre, Detroit.

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Auzeiger des Westerns, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.
St. Louis, (Mo.,) Feb. 18, 1861. 46-3m

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item" Office, Philadelphia, will reach him. 39-3t*

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 162 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 51-tf

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.
GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—

W. PEAK, SR.,	LISETTE M. PEAK,
MRS. W. PEAK,	ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER FRANK PEAK,

LEWIS M. PEAK.
They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sett of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43-eow

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
J. L. DAVIS.....Stage Manager
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 45

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
Now on their triumphant tour through the Eastern States, appear at
New Haven, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12th and 13th; Meriden, 14th; Hartford, 15th and 16th; Willimantic, 18th; Norwich, 19th; New London, 20th; Providence, 21st and 22d.
Look out for
THE BEST ADVERTISING,
THE BEST AGENT,
THE BEST TROUPE,
AND THE BEST MANAGER TRAVELLING,
With every thing New, Fresh and Original,
SAM SHARPLEY, Proprietor.
48-2t* WM. H. DAVIS, Avant Courier.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 444 444 BROADWAY.
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THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
NOVELTIES.
NOVELTIES.
Giving a continued entertainment, without the least intermission, for four and a half hours. Performance moves along as if by magic, always astonishing.
The following artists will appear every night in a variety of
BALLET PANTOMIME OPERA,
Interspersed with Negro Extravaganzas, Dances, Banjo, Comic and Sentimental Singing, Burlesque, Negro Farces, Vaudevilles, &c.
Second week of the engagement of the favorite Irish Comedian
BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL,
In a variety of original jokes, etc. The Irish Schoolmaster and Paddy's Wedding.
Second week of the renowned Banjoist and Ethiopian Comedian,
J. H. BUDWORTH.
J. H. BUDWORTH.
J. H. BUDWORTH.
Second week of the celebrated Vocalist
CLARA HARRINGTON,
CLARA HARRINGTON,
CLARA HARRINGTON,
The Queen of Song. The Queen of Song.
CHARLEY WHITE,
CHARLEY WHITE,
CHARLEY WHITE,
The renowned Delineator, and everybody's favorite.
L. SIMMONS, in his unequalled Banjo Solos.
R. HART, Ethiopian Delineator,
H. LESLIE, Fancy and Comic Dancer.
F. SHAW, Extemporaneous and Comic Singer.
MONS. LA THORNE, in his great Cannon Ball Feats.
BILLY QUINN, in his original Stump Speech.
MONS. ORLANDE AND M'LLE CLARA,
Late of the Ravel Troupe.
JENNY ENGEL,
The accomplished Vocalist.
The Ballet Troupe consists of the following young ladies:—

MARY BLAKE,	M'LLE FLORA,
KATE HARRISON,	LIZZETTE KING,
MARY FLORENCE,	ANNIE HARRISON,
LIZZIE DAVIS,	ELIZA FLORENCE,
MARY FORD,	SUSAN FORD,
FANNY NEWKIRK,	MARY LEAR.

Together with a full and efficient Orchestra, led by Prof. F. VON OLKER.
Admission—Parquette, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents; Seats in Private Boxes, 50 cents.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
47 F. VAN OLKER, Musical Director.

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS.
UNSWORTH, EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors.
These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadas, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant
GALAXY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz:

JAMES UNSWORTH,	EUGENE,
J. B. DONNIKER,	RAPHAEL ABECCO,
JULIUS STRATTON,	T. HAYES,
C. O'NEIL,	SIGNOR MORO,
J. FROST,	H. TRIGG,
M. LOOMIS,	B. O. JONES,
H. PERRY, Agent.	V. JOHNSON,

46-tf LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

THE GREAT CONGRESS OF ARTISTS.
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
FIFTEEN PERFORMERS.
COOL WHITE.....Stage Manager.
The public is respectfully informed that this
GREAT COMBINATION OF STARS,
Composed of the
ELITE OF THE PROFESSION,
Are now on their grand tour, and will give a series of their
UNAPPROACHABLE ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS
In all the principal cities of the United States.
In the repertoire of this Troupe will be found all the GEMS OF MINSTRELSY, together with many
NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVELTIES.
Previous to the performance, every evening,
LLOYD'S BRASS BAND,
Led by AUGUST ASCHE, will give a FREE BALCONY CONCERT.
Observe the List of Artists:

BILLY BIRCH,	CHARLEY FOX,
D. S. WAMBOLD,	AUGUST ASCHE,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX,	N. OEHL,
J. ANDREWS,	A. BRIETKOPF,
H. SCHWICARDI,	C. BLASS,
A. LEHMANN,	J. EASTMEAD,
MAST. ALBERTINI,	W. BRUNS, and

COOL WHITE.
For particulars see Posters, Descriptive Bills, Pictorials, and Programmes. Admission, 25 cents.
45 PHILO. A. CLARK, Agent.

O. P. P.
MR. GEORGE H. GRIFFITHS,
THE ORIGINAL PHUNNY PHELLOW,
And MOST VERSATILE ACTOR OF THE AGE,
Is prepared to make engagements of One or Two Weeks, during the Spring and Summer season. Address
48 3t* G. H. GRIFFITHS, Theatre, Memphis, Tenn.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON, Tragedian and Leading Gentleman, is prepared to treat with Managers for the Spring and Summer season. Address as above, St. Louis Theatre, Mo. 48 3t*

WANTED—A first class Flute and Piccolo Player, one that can play brass preferred; to a good musician, the situation will be permanent, with a good salary. Apply by letter to
FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor of
Frank Rivers' Melodeon,
48 4t 421 Callowhill st., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CELEBRATED ORRIN FAMILY have returned from Havana, and are open for engagements. All letters addressed to the undersigned, Westchester House, 148 Bowery, will meet with prompt attention. [48-tf] G. F. ORRIN.

"THE OWLET, OR THE ROYAL HIGHWAYMAN," a drama in three acts, by JOHN F. POOLE, (from the story of that title in the *N. Y. Mercury*.) Managers wishing copies on low terms, for cash, will address
49-1t* JOHN F. POOLE, 120 1st Avenue, N. Y. City.

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker street, New York city. 49 4t*

BALTIMORE, MD., 16TH MARCH, 1861.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL AND OPERA SALOON.
The above Saloon will positively open on Monday, April 1st, 1861. Ladies and gentlemen engaged will please meet on the stage at 11 o'clock on Thursday, March 28th. First class artists, such as Vocalists, Dancers, (or any original novelty,) wishing engagements, direct as above, to
WILLIAM ELLENGER, Sole Proprietor.
C. HENRI, Stage Manager.
A. CASSIDY, Acting Manager.
The Hotel will be open for the accommodation of guests on Monday, March 25th, fitted up in a most costly style and with all modern improvements. 49-4t*

SHORT HANDLE BANJOS, THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL INSTRUMENT.—Persons desirous of obtaining a Banjo are invited to call and see our SHORT HANDLE BANJOS. They are made very strong, with 16 hooks, and of the best materials. Price $10.
H. C. DOBSON & BROS, Wood's Building,
49-1t* 561 and 563 Broadway, New York.

A SWEET TONED BANJO AND TWELVE WRITTEN LESSONS FOR $5.—H. C. DOBSON & BROS., Wood's Building, 561 and 563 Broadway, will send a sweet toned Banjo and 12 written lessons, in figures, for $5. The Banjo is warranted to be a good toned instrument, and the lessons so simple that a child can learn from them 1t*

TO BANJOISTS—TAIL PIECE THIMBLE AND BRIDGE.—Persons desirous of improving the sound of their Banjos should call and get a Tail Piece Thimble and Bridge, warranted to improve the sound of any Banjo. H. C. DOBSON & BROS.,
49-1t* 561 and 563 Broadway.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th street, at 50 cents per lesson, or 13 for $5. Banjos superior to any made always on hand, from $10 to $40. No botch work about them. 49-1t*

MR. GEORGE HOLLAND will please send his address to his brother JOHN, at Delavan, Wisconsin. 49 1t

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THE KELLER TROUPE.—This troupe, about which so many anxious enquiries have been made of late, was, we are informed, recently at La Guayra, Venezuela, South America. Letters will reach them if sent to Maracaibo, South America. 49

A BENEFIT FOR THE MOTHER AND FAMILY OF THE LATE HATTIE JAMES, who unfortunately met her death by her clothes taking fire while performing at the Gaieties Concert Hall, on the evening of Feb. 8, will take place as soon as possible. Members of the profession who will be kind enough to volunteer their services for this occasion, will please send their address to
H. C. DOBSON & BROS., Professors of the Banjo,
49-1t* Wood's Building, 561 & 563 Broadway, Room 7.

CHINESE JUGGLERS.—WM. HAYNES, some time since business agent for the Dorming Party, is anxious to learn the whereabouts of the Jugglers. He is now in Paducah, Ky. 49-

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TO CONCERT SALOON PROFESSIONALS.—Having heard of a baker's dozen of the above agencies about starting since I embarked in this enterprise, I think it my duty to caution managers and performers to beware of impostors. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY RELIABLE office is 89 WEST HOUSTON STREET, N. Y.
49 1t* J. CONNER, Agent.

P. ANTONIO (of the Great World Circus) will be in New York, about the 26th of March. Equestrians wishing engagements to travel the coming season will address CLIPPER office. 49-tf

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☞ We have letters for "Manager," Jas. Riley and Charley White.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 18, 1861.

"That boy will be the death of me!" Everybody who has witnessed the performances of the elder Charles Mathews, behind his accustomed table, covered with green baize of fine material, and embellished with a decanter of water, a tumbler, and two wax candles in silver stands, will at once recognize the above exclamation. For the benefit of those who came after the mimic, and those who, though his contemporaries, had not the advantage of being present at one of his "evenings," we may state that the words quoted had particular reference to the joking propensities of a youth. He was a very irrepressible genius, and would have his sharp saying, whenever and wherever he liked. The special care of an indulgent and liberal uncle, whose "only hope" he was, our "boy" was always sure of something, as the reward for his wit, in the shape of the current coin of the realm; added to which was the really encouraging exclamation of the elder. It is true, that, literally considered, it indicated pain and mortification—not so, morally, for if the old gentleman in question had to die through the instrumentality of the young one, he could give up the ghost in a fine phrensy of laughter. Now, we must confess that we have time out of mind been induced to aspirate, with the character given by Mathews with so much force—our inducement in the premises being derived, not from the contemplation of anything really comic—only simply absurd by force of antithesis. It is best perhaps that we should at once explain the persons and the matters we alluded to. The formers are the new fangled writers of dramatic *feuilletons*, and the latter the jokes they unintentionally perpetrate in the same. This is not the first time we have handled them, nor is it likely to be the last. Monkies would "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep," while they compel us, with no pretensions to the angelic nature, to laugh; and we must, perforce, take heed of the same. Our scribblers of dramatic *feuilletons* are always enunciating something very startling. Glancing towards a particular paper, now lying before us, we learn that Shakespeare was no writer at all; that Sheridan Knowles is a buffoon, and Sheridan himself of no account whatever. We are further informed that the muse of tragedy is dead to all the world; that five act comedy will soon follow to the tomb of "all the Capulets," leaving the stage exclusively to the reign of *three* act comedy! "There, Jew, we have thee on the hip," as the mercurial Gratiano says to Shylock, in the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice." And why a three act the *sumum bonum* of dramatic literature? Because our gentlemen who "do" the act ors (in more sense than one, however), by dint of their mental mediocrity and barrenness of attainment are just up to the task of compiling the article they mention. A little knowledge of clap-trap, as little of French, but much more of what particular performers require—these are the aids by which the writer of dramatic *feuilletons* becomes the writer [or rather vamper] of a "three act" comedy, of the success of which, as a "palpable hit," he discourses before hand in his paper, and to which, after its production, and probably its condemnation, he will refer as a wiser and better man would to a standard of excellence. The man we speak of, is, as a rule, the very "dear friend" of the professionals; but were we one of the latter, our exclamation would be: "Heaven help us from such friends." He has indeed an attachment towards all the members of the establishment, commencing with some "veteran and Crichton-like lessee," and not ending until it has taken in one of the "urbane and indefatigable" who do duty in the box office department. On these, as well as on himself, he lavishes full praise—on the former, whenever their names are up for a benefit. Then, it is some really *brusque* official in charge who is all at once enlarged into gigantic proportions. But, with nothing like a marked interval, and in spite of all other topics included in our gentleman's speciality, he never forgets to ring the changes on his own pre-eminent gifts as a playwright, and on the newly discovered truth, that a "three act comedy" is the grandest of all human achievements; though, to judge from the specimens he furnishes us with, the dullest composition, illustrated by the banjo and black cork, ever produced, exceptionally to the average excellence of such things, is an inspirer of tremendous extacy.

The season is gradually drawing to its latter end, and managers and people are already looking around them, and studying the chances for the season of '61-2 The uncertain state of our political affairs renders it extremely difficult to make calculations for the future. If we only could come to some understanding as to *how* we stand, *where* we stand, or whether we are to have any standing at all, we could shape our courses accordingly; but we are all abroad in our reckonings, floating about in wild disorder, or endeavoring to stem the tide of political fanaticism, without a pilot to guide us through the shoals and reefs that beset us. Money is abundant, millions of it lying idle because of the present undecided condition of our country. If the people could only have an opportunity afforded them, they would soon decide the questions that now vex our representatives; they would bury the hatchet forever, and smoke the pipe of peace, or else fight it out to see whether the Union is to be the Union as Washington gave it to us, or a confederacy of States to be severed at the will of traitors and political demagogues. The Southern country is becoming rather too excitable, and their demands and "ultimatums" increase with each succeeding day. This will not help their cause: but, on the contrary, will tend to array the entire North against them, without distinction of party considerations. Southerners have no difficulty in traveling through the North—they can, and do, give free expression to their opinions, be they for secession, or co-operation—they can give free vent to their feelings in our hotels, at public meetings, theatres, etc., yet they are not molested. We are sorry to say that such is not the case in the South. At Laura Keene's Theatre, on Saturday evening last, a little incident occurred which served to show the "equal rights" doctrine as exemplified at the North. In a scene in the "Seven Sisters," where the sister States are arrayed against each other, sentiments are uttered favorable and unfavorable alike to both sections of the country. Mrs. Allen—in answer to the boast of South Carolina's representative concerning the Palmetto flag—says—

"What a nice little figure you'd cut on the seas
When the stars and the stripes float no more to the breeze:
When, instead of the pennant that sheltered Decatur,
From the trembling mast head trails the bloodless Palmetto."

This allusion to the "bloodless Palmetto" was the signal for a storm of hisses that might have appalled the representative of the Goddess of Liberty, had she not been a true Union woman; but she stood apparently unmoved while the hisses continued; then followed a burst of applause, to be succeeded in turn by hisses, the latter, in the end, carrying the day. Yet amidst this "war of the factions" there were no harsh words used—the Palmetto lovers were allowed free scope, while the disciples of the "Star Spangled Banner" quietly subsided, rather than be the means of creating a disturbance. Could the same have occurred, and with the same results, in South Carolina, or any other of the seceding States? No. If the Union sentiment were permitted there—if free speech in favor of the Union were allowed, we should hear little of secession. Therefore, we say, the South is getting beyond its depths, and by her one sided policy of "equal rights," forgets the unequal wrongs she is heaping upon the North. But the end is coming, and with the advent of the people, ever strong in their might, we hope to see fanaticism and treason in the North and in the South, effectually wiped out, and the country once more resume her standing among the great nations of the world. A settlement of the question one way or another will be much better than the present entangled condition of the "customs of the country."

Three nights of last week were devoted to benefits, at Wallack's Theatre; the first, on the 11th, for Mr. Moss, the treasurer; the second, on the 13th, for Mr. Blake; and the third, on the 16th, for Mrs. Hoey. All were exceedingly well attended, and the hearts of tially devoted to benefits; among those "up" for a night being the "doorkeepers," whose "urbanity" and "courtesy" in receiving tickets are urged as sufficient inducements to fill the house; at least, they are so urged by a portion of the newspaper people who never have tickets to give, but "pass in" on the "free list," after examination by the said doorkeepers. We opine that *this* is the secret of the "urbanity" and "courtesy" associated with the names of most "ticket-takers." Why not give a sight to the "urbane" and "indefatigable" gasman; the "courteous" fireman; and the "gentlemanly" chorewoman? Are they not equally deserving? Do they not give us light, heat, and cleanliness? By all means then, give *them* a benefit as well as the doorkeepers.

There seems to be considerable anxiety among those having relatives in the Keller troupe, to learn the whereabouts of the company, of whom but little has been heard of late. We have just ascertained, on good authority, that the troupe is now in South America, and letters sent to Maracaibo will reach them.

A member of the minstrel profession is in distress, and solicits the aid of his brethren. The person referred to is M. Turner, familiarly known as "Mob Turner," violinist and banjoist. He has been sick since New Year, and is still very ill. He is sadly in need of assistance. He has performed at different times at the Melodeon, Art Union, Gaieties, etc. He is now residing with his mother, 268 Houston street, New York, who has impoverished herself in her endeavors to assist her son. Anything in the way of contributions, no matter how small, will be thankfully received.

Business was very fair last week at Laura Keene's, with the exception of the 14th and 15th, when the equinoctial knocked trade down a peg. Polly Marshall is still on the sick list, or some other sort of list, and Miss Ione Burke has taken her place. We hear, also, that a Mr. Dillon, from Chicago, is to take the place recently vacated by Mr. Leeson. As there are but few signs of a lull in the success of the "Seven Sisters," it will remain on "until further notice." It would be a most remarkable event in the history of the stage, if this spectacle should carry the season through, wouldn't it?

Professor Orrin and his three sons, comprising the celebrated Orrin Family of acrobats and gymnasts, arrived here last week from Havana. They were at once engaged by Mr. Butler, of the American Concert Hall, and commence there on the 20th. Go and see this troupe in their extraordinary performances.

Miss Coombes' engagement at the Winter Garden last week, was more of a failure than a success, and the critics generally pitch into the lady with remarkable unanimity. One might almost imagine that she had incurred their displeasure through some "discourtesy," so general is their condemnation. However, it won't set her back any. She is yet young in the business, and may profit by having her faults pointed out to her in time. Miss Coombes has much to learn before she can become "entirely great." The attendance through the week was quite meagre, and although the manager, Mr. Jackson, in his advertisements, says that he "has *great* pleasure in announcing that the beautiful and talented young American actress will appear" again this week, we doubt very much that the engagement does really afford him any pleasure at all, for slim audiences are rather calculated to annoy than please. The engagement is announced to close on the 20th. When next Miss C. appears before us, we hope to have the opportunity of making more favorable mention of her.

The "Zoyara," the Hanlons, Duvernay, Charlton, and all the rest of the "Royal Equestrian Troupe" that went out with Mr. James M. Nixon, on his Southern tour, in October last, are to embark on the 18th inst., at Havana, on board the Blenville, and will probably arrive here on Friday or Saturday. This company left New York on the 1st of October, exhibiting at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington city, Richmond, Norfolk, Fredericksburg, and the principal cities in North Carolina. They next struck the cotton country, and gave entertainments along the route from Charleston to New Orleans, at which latter place they performed in the St. Charles Theatre, and also in the Theatre d'Orleans. From New Orleans they went to Havana, where they played several weeks, at d then made a tour of Cuba. The troupe has not lost a single member, by sickness or any other casualty, during their absence from New York. At present we do not know what the future destination of the company will be. How was the *entente cordiale* between Zoyara and the manager brought about? He left Nixon, it will be remembered, in Havana, and joined a rival troupe. What brought him back to his first love?

The dramatization of the CLIPPER story of "The Cock of the Walk" must have failed to draw, at the New Bowery, for after three or four representations, it was withdrawn before ourselves and others had an opportunity to witness it. It must have been a complete failure to have played itself out in such a short time. This week, another new drama called "Owlet, or the Royal Highwayman," from a sensation newspaper story, is offered.

Dan Bryant discourseth upon the political crisis this week, and expoundeth the true intent and meaning of the constitution of the dis-United States. Dan tells you exactly what the matter is; where lies the remedy; and its proper mode of application. The "What-Is-It?" now on show at Bryant's, is a frightful example of the deteriorating effects of abolition influence on the African race. This stunted specimen of the "irrepressible nigger" is a big thing on a small footing.

On Thursday evening, 21st inst., the thirteenth annual benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association will take place at the Academy of Music. Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Charlotte Cushman, and Mr. Edwin Booth have proffered their services, and will appear in the tragedy of Macbeth. It is to be hoped that all who volunteer will be faithful to their promises. We have but little faith in volunteers, generally, for they are very apt to give the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope. And when they *do* appear, according to promise, they are very careless in their performance of the parts assigned them. We hope the benefit in question may be carried out successfully, and that all who volunteer may not only put in an appearance, but do their best to make the entertainment satisfactory to the audience. The funds of the Association may be considerably augmented by the proposed benefit, if the members will but put their shoulders to the wheel.

The old Bowery Theatre remains in *statu quo*, "desolate and lone." There is some talk of the concern being let to certain parties, but we believe that Spalding & Rogers still hold a lease of the premises.

Forrest had pretty large audiences last week. He performed Richelieu twice, and Damon once. This week he reproduces King Lear. Chanfrau occupies the off nights, assisted by the Roman ballet troupe; and the operatic ballet of La Bayadere is announced for the 19th. Business on the off nights only middling. We hear no more about the recent rebellion, and therefore presume that a compromise has been effected.

Twenty real Indians are to give an exhibition of their peculiar customs, ceremonies, dances, etc., at the Cooper Institute, this evening, 18th inst. Judge Edmonds will then deliver an address; as a wind-up, "Peale's Court of Death" will be exhibited. What a strange combination.

Professor Anderson is about to commence his "farewell performances previous to his departure for Europe." Won't the Wizard of the North make another attempt South before taking his "final" departure?

A. Smith and J. Quick were among the arrivals here last week from Havana.

Max Maretzek left here last week for Mexico, taking with him Mad. D'Angri, Sig. Steffani, and others. He stops on his way at Havana, where he is to pick up the Natali sisters, (the Misses Heron).

Lou's Lang's historical painting of Mary, Queen of Scots, dividing her wardrobe and jewelry among her friends, the day before her execution, 17th Feb., 1587, is now on exhibition at Goupil's, 772 Broadway. It will repay a visit.

There is no "going out of the Union" at American Concert Hall Saloon, 444 Broadway, nor any signs of such a thing. It would, indeed, be wonderful if the contrary was the case, in view of the great success realized by the proprietors, and owing mainly to the exertions of the "star" company there engaged—a brilliant constellation, prominent in which shine Billy O'Neil, the Irish comedian; Charley White, in his budget of comicalities; Mons. Valerde and Mlle. Clara, late of the Ravel Troupe; Clara Harrington, and lovely Jenny Engel, vocalists; Emily Lemair, danseuse; R. Hart, Billy Quinn, M. McKenna, W. S. Budworth, F. Shaw, Mons. La Thorne, W. N. Smith, Harry Leslie, and the great ballet troupe. Among the new engagements is that of the Orrin Family. The clever professionals known under this name will commence on the 20th inst., and, no doubt, will help to keep up the success of the establishment, which, literally speaking, has been overflowing.

Professor Macpherson, a very clever teacher of dancing in this city, is to have a complimentary military, civic, and exhibition ball tendered him, by his pupils and friends, at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway, on Wednesday evening, 20th inst. This promises to be one of the most enjoyable "gatherings" of the season.

Mr. Edmund Pillet will give recitations at Hope Chapel, Broadway, on the 19th inst, his themes being the third act of "The Lady of Lyons," a scene from the poem of "Marmion," the first act of "Hamlet," and Collins' "Ode on the Passions."

At the Volk's Garden and Palace Hall Concert Saloon, in the Bowery, the entertainments nightly furnished continue to be successful. Two or three leisure hours can be passed there profitably as well as pleasantly.

M'lle Scheller, the young lady now performing at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, has received such favorable mention at the hands of the American press, as to bring down upon her a trifle of opposition from the German papers. Go ahead, M'lle Scheller, never mind what they say of you. Continue to merit the good opinion of the American people by strict attention to the duties of your profession. The German papers are taking sides with Mad. Bechu Grahn, while Young America and Young Germany stand their ground for M'lle Scheller.

The proposed benefit for the mother and family of Miss Hattie James, the young lady who recently lost her life by her clothes taking fire at one of our concert saloons, is beginning to take some definite shape, as will be seen by an advertisement in this department. It has not yet been decided when, or where, the benefit shall take place, but we hope to be able to give full particulars in our next. We should esteem it as a personal favor if the profession would contribute what little they can toward the object in view. Those disposed to volunteer their services, can do so by dropping a line to us, and we will make a note of the same in next week's CLIPPER. Let our various managers unite on one common platform for this occasion, and each contribute toward the benefit what he reasonably can, in any way he may think proper. The mother and

family of the deceased are left in destitute circumstances, and what little benefit can be afforded them should be given at once.

Show folks are beginning to make preparations for the campaign of '61. Dr. Jim Thayer and Frank Phelps are in the city, arranging for a start. They have organised a company which will be known as "Frank Phelps' and Dr. Jim Thayer, the Clown's Show." It will include Frank and his excellent troupe of Juveniles; Dr. Thayer, and his celebrated performing mules, Uncle Sam and Dr. Jones; a Minstrel Company, the Motley Brothers, Tom Pepper, Johnny Keefe, and Wm. Hogle, whose acrobatic and gymnastic feats have been most favorably noticed by the press of Boston, etc. The show will make its first stand at Elmira, N. Y., on the 1st of May. The concern will be complete in horses, performers, and the necessary auxiliaries.

P. Antonio, of the Great World Circus, will be in New York about the 26th inst. See advertisement.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Adah Isaacs Menken commenced an engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 11th inst., when she appeared as the Widow Cheerly, to the Timothy Quaint of Sam Ryan; also in six different characters in "A Day in Paris."

The Denier Brothers gave their first entertainment at Norombega Hall, Bangor, Me., on the 6th inst. In the course of the evening John Denier appeared on a single cord, stretched at a considerable height, and running the extent of the auditorium, and performed several feats of skill, including "Le Barton Perilleuse," a novelty spoken of as being quite extraordinary.

In the city of Rome, Italy, a few weeks since, several persons who had vociferously applauded a particular chorus in "Il Trovatore," were summoned on the following day before the minister of police, by whom they were severely reprimanded and ordered not to appear at any public place of amusement for the next three years. This absurd stretch of authority was tolerated by the government, because in the piece of music referred to some words occurred of possible application to the siege of Gaeta and the downfall of the priesthood. About the same time, a distinguished citizen, of the Jewish persuasion, while on his way to the Opera House, with his wife, was seized by two soldiers and carried off to prison. From these facts, it would seem that Rome is not the best place in the world for the lovers of amusement to live in.

Eaton Stone, the circus rider, is about to commence a tour through the States for the purpose of exhibiting the herd of buffaloes he described in a letter written by him, and which recently appeared in these columns. Mr. Stone has these animals so well under his command, that he can hitch and drive them around the ring as common cattle. He has also a buffalo calf which he attaches to a cart, and seating himself in it, takes the lines in his hands and so takes a pleasant ride once in a while. This calf is exceedingly docile, and goes to its owner as though thoroughly domesticated. Exclusive of these, Mr. Stone has two antelopes which he has succeeded in completely habituating to home life.

Our Louisville correspondent, "S. T." under date of March 9, says: "The past week has been devoted to benefits. Friday night was set apart for the benefit of the favorite actress and danseuse, Miss Jennie Hight. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the benefit was a complete success, and fully realized the expectations of Miss H's numerous admirers. Esmeralda, and A Day in Paris were the attractions. Miss Jennie in the difficult *role* of Esmeralda, displayed dramatic talent of a high order—the audience was most agreeably surprised—they have known Miss H. as one of the best dancers ever on the Louisville boards, but were not prepared for this last success as an actress. Miss Jennie's father, Mr. H. A. Hight, essayed the part of Quasimoda, and proved himself an actor of no ordinary merit; this gentleman makes no pretensions as an actor, but at the same time several of the regulars might take lessons from him; Mr. Chas. Krone, as Claude Frollo, was, as he always is, correct and forcible. The performance altogether gave great satisfaction, and we predict for the fair beneficiare a bright and glorious future, which she richly deserves, not only for her talents as an actress, but also for her worth in private life .....Saturday evening Mrs. Elmore presents her name for a benefit, a very attractive bill will be offered, and we anticipate a crowded house.....Miss Virginia Howard opens here on Monday, as Parthenia, for six nights..... Prof. McEvoy's Cyclorama of Ireland still remains at Mozart Hall—bus. had improved nightly—the Sons of the Emerald Isles are now fully aroused to the merits of this work of art.....The Campbells (original of course) open at Masonic Temple, Thursday, March 14th, for three nights, this band is under the direction of Frank Leslie .....Mozart Hall has now been occupied for exhibitions for a period of seven weeks—a fact unprecedented in Louisville. Mr. Henry Smith, is the agent for this place of amusement."

The Excelsior Minstrels have been giving their entertainments at Delphi, Ind.

Captain B. F. Weeks, agent for the Fabbri Operatic Troupe, was in Cincinnati last week making arrangements for the opening night (the 18th inst.), at Smith and Nixon's Hall. Madame Fabbri will be assisted by Signorina Anna Rosetti, Mr. Charles R. Adams, tenor singer, and Herr Richard Mulder, pianist.

Mr. Charles Hess, a resident of Cincinnati, has just concluded an operatic composition entitled "The Queen of Alferius."

Dollie Dutton gave levees at Amsterdam on the 14th, and at Schenectady on the 15th. The little lady is expected shortly to appear in Albany.

Mr. J. Wilkes Booth took a benefit at the New Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 14th inst.

Lloyd's Minstrels, having quitted Philadelphia, performed last week at Harrisburgh, and afterwards proceeded to Pittsburgh, where they intended to stay a week.

Charles L. Monroe, Ethiopian comedian and comic vocalist, is up for a benefit at Metropolitan Saloon, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. Quite a host of professional talent has been volunteered for the occasion.

A number of "stars" are shining in the amusement firmament at Green street Concert Hall (late Green street Theatre), Albany; among them, John McCluskey, jig dancer; Miss Idell Bishop, vocalist; Miss Lottie May, do.; Miss Isabell, do.; L. C. Brimmer, banjo soloist; and Joe English, balladist and Irish comedian.

New Orleans is still sound on the good old National airs which make every true American's heart swell with pride, in spite of the treacherous efforts of disunionists to wipe them out. This fact was unmistakably demonstrated at the St. Charles Theatre. The orchestra were reckless or indiscreet enough on the 2d inst., to give at different intervals of the performance several patriotic old airs, Yankee Doodle included—all of which were vociferously applauded. At length they struck up the dear and now thrillingly suggestive strain of "The Star Spangled Banner." The effect produced by its performance is thus described by the Sunday True Delta:—"When Key's Star Spangled Banner was struck up it was immediately and loudly applauded, and 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' with its refrain, made the house ring. One enthusiastic individual jumped up and shouted 'hurrah!' and then there was a tumult. The audience evidently were on our side, believing with us that the airs should never be ignored. That's right, stick to them, never mind what one horse politicians and place hunters say. Let all such as forget the glories of the past, sing the Marseillaise or any other foreign national air—let the true native and adopted American cling to our old airs, and refuse to give them up to any faction, North or South."

The Marshall children recently performed in Dayton, Ohio, in connection with the Light Guard Fair. They were subsequently tendered a complimentary, which was to have taken place last week.

Mr. Sothern has made a hit in Chicago with his double impersonation of Dundreary and Sam, in the "American Cousin at Home." The houses are said to be crowded, and the audiences fairly scream with laughter. Well, when are we to have the "Cousin at Home?"

T. L. Donnelly will open shortly at Becktel's Hall, Dayton, O., with a dramatic company.

Ben Wheeler has re-opened the Melodeon, at Leavenworth, with the following company:—Miss Fanny Gillmore, ballad and comic singer, and danseuse; M'lle. Carolista, tight rope performer and danseuse; Gus Shaw, comic singer; Frank Lynch, Negro delineator; Sam Harrison, ditto; W. H. Hogan, ditto; and Tom Peli, jig and wench dancer.

The company last performing at the Bowery Concert Saloon, St. Louis, comprised the Red Man of Agar, Bob Edwards, Fattie Stewart, Jim Boyle, Frank Spring, Dick Cunningham, A. Ross, Jim Wheeler, Bob Shaddoch, P. Kraff; Misses Estella Montressor, "Maggie Mitchell," Julia Edwards, and Emma Leslie. They give a Sunday night entertainment.

A complimentary benefit to the young American tragedian, T. B. Douglass, was given at Columbus, Ohio, on the 7th inst. The company performing at the theatre in Columbus consists of Messrs. T. B. Douglass, T. L. Donnelly, C. L. Allen; T. C. Hutchings, H. Mehen, T. Stout, White, C. C. Gibson; Miss C. Crampton, Miss Lyons, Miss Kingsley, and Mrs. Mehen.

Mrs. Frank Graham recently made her first appearance for a number of years in Louisville on the occasion of Miss Jennie Hight's benefit. Mrs. G. and Miss H. danced the "*pas styrien*," and brought down the house.

An amateur organization in Denver City, Kansas, recently gave an entertainment, for the benefit, of the poor, which realised the amount of $150

A few evenings since, we hear, Mr. Hall, manager of the Troy Theatre, apologized to a very full audience, on account of the absence of one of his actors, named Tyrrell, who had been imbibing somewhat too freely. It also seems that Mr. Hall was as intemperate in his speech as Mr Tyrrell had been otherwise; stating that his "hopes had been blasted by the *blasted*" individual then absent from his post.

The Nelson Sisters are now on their western tour, which they will finish in Albany. Mr. Alfred Nelson accompanies them.

One night last week, while performing the *L'ecklle Perilleuse*, at Concert Hall, Albany, Mr. Edward Le Pierre was very near having a fall, which might have been attended by a fatal result, the distance of the gentleman being at the moment eighty feet above the parquet.

Mr. J. C. McKibbin took a benefit at the Apollo Theatre, Denver City, Kansas, on the 20th of February, when the whole of Langrishe's dramatic troupe volunteered their services, in token of their respect for an old and valued member of the profession.

A complimentary benefit was given to Miss Kate Partington, at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 8th inst.

The Artistes Association (Mme. Colson, Signori Brignoli, Ferri and Susini), with Signor Muzio, as director, commenced their opera season, at the Academy of Music, Boston, on the 12th inst., with the opera of "Martha;" and on the 13th, Miss Hinckley made her *debut* in "Lucia." On the 14th, Mercadante's "Il Guiramento" was given for the first time after an interval of years.

Our Richmond, (Va.) correspondent, under date of the 15th, thus discourses:—DEAR CLIPPER—The political theatre at the Convention Hall monopolized so much of public attention and patronage, that but little remains for the Temple of Thespis. However, these last few nights there has been a slight reaction; and the attendance at the regular theatre to witness Mrs. Bateman's comedy of "Self," has been quite numerous and fashionable. Miss Bateman, by the way, commenced her engagement here on Monday week, and since then she has appeared as Juliet, Geraldine, Parthenia, and Gertrude, in "The Little Treasure;" and lastly, as Mary Apex, in "Self." She has gratified all who have seen her personate these difficult characters, and all give her credit for the possession of great dramatic talent; the promise of her infantile precocity being fully redeemed by the excellence of her youthful efforts as shown in her present acting. She closely imitates nature in her delineation of the various passions, and she eminently merits the encomiums bestowed upon her for her truly natural rendition of the characters she assumes. Mr. Bateman took the part of John Unit, and played it well, too; he closely imitates Mr. Henry Placide, especially in regard to Placide's distinct enunciation of his syllables. Mrs. Phillips performed the character of Mrs. Apex exceedingly well, and so did Mrs. De Bar that of the worthy Mrs. Codliver, the victim of quack medicine and an awful appetite. Mr. Merton played Cynosure very creditably, and Mr. Meldrum as Charles Sandford acquitted himself very satisfactorily, especially in the latter part of the play. In fact, each character of the drama was well performed, the various parts of it fitting very easily to the members of the stock company of this theatre. But none of the characters performed pleased me more than did that of Aunt Chloe, which was personated by Mr. Thos. L. Moxley. It is intended as a representation of the old Virginia "mummy," or family nurse, and was enacted by Mr. Moxley to the very life.

Mr. Phelps was playing the legitimate at Sadler's Wells, London, one of his chief supports being his son, whose line is the juvenile.

The whole stud, scenery, dresses, and appointments of Astley's Amphitheatre, London, were to be brought to the hammer, on the 27th of last February.

"Le Domino Noir," acknowledged to be the most brilliant of Auber's many operas, was recently produced for the first time in English, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, Miss Louisa Pyne sustaining the part of the heroine.

"The Chimney Corner" (a piece said to be happily exceptional to the majority of novelties produced at some of the London houses, in having nothing French about it) was lately acted with great success, at the Olympic, London.

At the Italian Opera House, London, "Fra Diavolo" (with Mr. Swift, as the brigand chief, and Mdlle. Panepa, as Zerlina) had been performed alternately with "Robin Hood." Wallace's new opera, "The Amber Witch" was underlined for the first week in March, with Sims Reeves and Madame Lemmense Sherrington, in the principal parts.

The new Metropolitan Theatre in Wilmington, Del., was opened on the 9th inst. Among the company we find Messrs. Jack, P. A. Fitzgerald, and Parker; Miss Mestayer, and Miss Josephine Parker.

The Keller Tableau Troupe, consisting of twenty-two young ladies, and several gentlemen, commenced their performances at Odd Fellows' Hall, Wilmington, Del., on the 16th inst. In the male division of the company, we recognise the names of Ole Bill Myers, Billy Chambers, Hugh Morton, and H. Conrad.

Our Pittsburgh correspondent, "Adelphi," writing us on the 14th inst., supplies us with the following items:—Pittsburgh, March 14, 1861.—FRIEND QUEEN: The benefit of Mr. Jas. E. Murdoch, on the 8th inst., attracted one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Pittsburgh Theatre. He appeared as the Stranger, and as Vapid, in "The Dramatist." His Stranger is an artistic personation, while his Vapid is a character equally his own. The several members of the company acquitted themselves well. On the 9th, Mr. Murdoch appeared in the *role* of Charles de Moor, to a good house. This was the last night of his engagement, he having previously entered into an engagement to deliver some readings at Buffalo and New York; but at the request of our citizens, he consented to extend his time two evenings this week, and on Monday he gave a repetition of his favorite *role* of Young Mirabel, in the "Inconstant," also appeared as Dick Dashall, in "My Aunt." On the 12th, the old comedy "School for Scandal," was presented, Mr. M. as Charles Surface. Mr. Mackey's representation of Sir Peter was very creditable, and Mrs. Henderson, as his gay young wife, acted and looked charmingly. The Joseph of Mr. Hanchett was not in keeping with this gentleman's usual acting. The audiences on both evenings were very full. I am informed Mr. Murdoch returns to us in May next.....Last evening, the popular play of the "Three Guardsmen" was brought out by the stock company. "Ivanhoe" is underlined. On Saturday evening next Lloyd's Minstrels will commence a six nights engagement..... Trimble's Varieties is enjoying a large share of patronage. Charley Kendall was added to the company a few days since, and Miss Kate Leslie, cantatrice, was announced for a "first appearance" last night. Ben has effected an engagement with Mlle. Leonetti and Mr. W. E. De Haven, late of the Masonic Hall Concert Room.....The Masonic Hall Concert Room, is doing a middling business, only. Mr. Ed Clements, formerly of the Varieties, is now the pianist there. The establishment is the largest and finest of its class in the city, but the proprietors are under heavy expenses, and it will require a larger patronage than it is now receiving to make the enterprise remunerative.....A concert, having for its object the relief of the Kansas sufferers; came off at Concert Hall, on Monday evening last, under the direction of the German Saengerbund Society of this city. The programme embraced some of the finest selections from the best masters, the performers being selected from the various Teutonic Singing Societies in this vicinity. The Washington Cornet Band was in attendance, and played some excellent music—that of the "Caliph of Bagdad" being particularly fine. The concert was a success.....On Tuesday evening the hall was occupied by the Penn Literary Society. The entertainment consisted of orations, essays, declamations, etc., together with "Damon and Pythias," and several other dramatic selections. The membership list of this society includes the names of several gentlemen ambitious for histrionic honors, who anticipate making a sensation in the theatrical world at no distant day. We understand the performances were prime, and the house well filled. Proceeds devoted to suffering Kansas.....The Seward Literary Society give a similar exhibition at the same hall on this evening. The performances embrace selections from "Romeo and Juliet," "Corsican Brothers," "Single Blessedness," and "Ten Days in the Tower." A right good sprinkling of the drama. The receipts go to swell the bulk of the Kansas Relief Fund.....An event of peculiar interest to the proprietors of the different cheap concert saloons in our city—Melodeon, Red White and Blue, and Continental transpired on Monday night last. This was nothing more nor less than a descent thereupon by the Mayor's police, upon the strength of information made by Chief of Police Patterson, charging the proprietors with giving performances of a demoralizing character, and, in addition thereto, violating the ordinance requiring licenses to be taken out for the holding of concerts, etc. Proprietors and attaches were accordingly taken into custody, and conducted before his honor, the Mayor, who read the information to them, and remarked that frequent complaints had been made to him of late, in regard to the immoral tendency of the performances given at these places, and he felt it to be his duty to abate the nuisance. If the defendants were willing to abandon the exhibitions, he would not press the information. To this the proprietor of the Melodeon would not consent unconditionally, and at a hearing, the charges being proven, judgment was entered against him for $50—not to be collected, providing he abandoned the exhibitions. The performers were fined $5 each. The managers of the Continental and Red White and Blue agreed to discontinue the performances, and therefore were discharged. It is understood that Mr Klein, of the Melodeon, will do likewise.....Madame Charlotte Varian, the new *prima donna*, is to give one Grand Concert in this city on the 15th, assisted by Mr. C Fetedoux, baritone; Mr. Smith, tenor; and Mr. Edward Hoffman, pianist. The concert will take place at Concert Hall. We hear she appears during the coming week in Boston, being engaged at the Orchestral Concerts of Carl Zirrahn.

A band of minstrels is about organizing at Madison, Indiana, calling themselves La Rue & Bundy's Minstrels. Johnny Bundy and Charlie La Rue being the two end men. The other members are Tom Parker, Joe Bates, Tom Wells, Jack Burnes, Billy Jones and George Allen, with Sam Adams as agent. They proceed to St. Louis at an early day, thence through Missouri, Iowa and Illinois back to Louisville where they expect to locate.

At the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, one of the chief attractions of the past week, was the performance of "The Persecuted Dutchman," in which Sam Glenn sustained a principal character. That genuine melo-drama and spectacle, "The Forty Thieves" was underlined.

We give a few items of news from Buffalo forwarded to us, under date of the 14th, by a reliable correspondent:—FRANK QUEEN: Knowing you to be always happy to receive news, I wish to inform you of times at present in Buffalo. It is like the middle of winter here; the snow is on the ground, and cold winds are blowing. Business within the past week has taken a pretty lively turn; the hotels are doing well. At the St. James' Hall (our principal Concert Hall) there have been balls and masquerades.....O'Leary has been giving two lectures, having Hooley and Campbells Minstrels to contend with.....The Metropolitan Company has closed the theatre, and gone to Lockport. The theatre, under the present managers, will never pay—people will not turn out.....Unsworth and party stopped at the Wadsworth House over Sunday, arriving in the same train with Hooley's band. Both parties have been doing well. H & C's Minstrels received on Monday night their third welcome to Buffalo; few bands can do in Buffalo what this one can do. They are looked upon here as having no superiors. The largest house ever seen within the hall was packed in it last Monday. The three partners were warmly welcomed. Duley is an old favorite here; and Ben Cotton, a stranger, received a welcome worthy of his talent. Nor was Rollin Howard slighted; he received as hearty a greeting as any of the party; he is a favorite here, and, as a female personator, very fine. He and Griffin were very happy in the "Mummies." Ben Cotton and Howard gave the best imitation of the airs of opera singers ever presented here. Master Charles is an excellent dancer, but it was apparent he could not do his very best on that small stage. It is useless to speak of Campbell's singing; none can sing better than they, to suit Buffalonians. I regret to say they stay with us but three nights. Tuesday the hall where they exhibited was crammed, notwithstanding it stormed terribly. They could do a good business here for a month. H. G. Meech, I believe, has gone to New York after a new company for the Metropolitan. There is a mortgage on the theatre, and if it is not opened in fifteen days from yesterday it will go out of the hands of the Meeches; therefore, it is a lost institution here..... They are progressing with the new Concert Hall, in the Arcade Building, opposite the American Hotel; it will be finished during May. The day is cloudy, and makes one feel drowsy; so I'll dispatch this, and bid you adieu for the present, as I intend taking a nap.

Contrary to their original intention, the Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels, have made some alterations in their present programme, which was to have included Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, &c., thence to Chicago, and back to New York—so many evenings in each. The reason for this "after thought" was found in the interruption of other companies. Accordingly, the Hooley and Campbell's decided on playing one night at Albany and Auburn, and two at Rochester and Buffalo respectively. At the latter place they might have continued twelve or fifteen nights, so enthusiastic was their reception, and so flattering the testimonials of the public favor. At Chicago, we hear, friends H. and C. intend to astonish the natives, not by their abilities alone, but also by their famous gas-light sign from Niblo's, and other incidentals. The troupe will give nine nights' performance in Chicago, and then return to New York. The first week in May they will open the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. Heretofore, their success has been remarkable. We are also glad to hear that the individual members of the company are in good health and spirits. Among the many fine effects realized by the Hooley and Campbell's, we may as well notice the interlude of the "Mummers" by Griffen, Howard and Duly; Uncle Snow, Stump Speech, &c., by Ben Cotton; and the burlesque operatic sketch of Italian airs by native artists, by Howard and Cotton.

Myer's Company exhibited recently in Concord, Manchester, and Nashua, N. H., and will, it is announced, commence in Lawrence, Mass., this evening, the 18th.

Miss Rosa Fayaux, danseuse; Tom Brookfield, negro delineator and jig dancer; Rodey McGuire, Irish comedian and vocalist; and Dick Berthelon, bones and banjo player, were among the recent additions to the company at Beiler's Concert Hall, Detroit, Mich.

Chelard, the composer of the opera of "Macbeth," died recently at Weimer, Germany, where he had resided for the past thirty years, and occupied for a long time the post of conductor. His age was seventy-two years. His opera, "Macbeth," was first performed in Paris, with only moderate success, but experienced a much better destiny in Germany.

The St. Louis Theatre was closed on the 9th inst., in consequence of a strike among the actors for their pay. On the following Monday, quite a desperate attempt was made to re-open the house, Miss Sallie St. Clair being anxious for the representation of "The Woman in White," a drama in which she takes the principal character. The theatre, it was supposed, would not be again opened until the season of Mr. De Bar.

The following well-known professionals, recently belonging to Chiarini's Circus, Havana, arrived in New York, from Cuba, on board the steamship, "De Soto," on the 14th inst. J. M. Melville, lady, and son, Professor G. L. Orrin, lady, and three sons, N. Rogers, lady, and child, A. Smith, J. Quick, George Sharpe, J. Ward, W. Ashton, Charles Rivers, George Derious.

The celebrated pianist, Listz, was recently in Paris, France; a short time prior, he appeared in Weimer, Germany, on the occasion of a festival held in honor of Schubert.

R. E. J. Miles is performing his horse and dog pieces at the Troy Theatre. The Howards are to follow the horses.

Between the North and the South, the good old national song of the "Star Spangled Banner" is having a high old time of it. In the South, the fire eaters attempted to crush it out of their vocabulary, whereupon the North made more of it than ever, and it is sung and played now by everybody. Opera singers, and all other kind of singers, have lately found it a good card, and it has been sandwiched between Italian airs and German waltzes, Nigger jigs and Irish breakdowns, without the slightest remorse. Madame Fabbri recently sung it at a concert given in Chicago. She had the melody all right, but the words rather bothered her. The following is a specimen:—

"Unt ter stare spankelt pannair,
Ho proudly may it wa-a-if
Oor ter lant off ter vie-e-e
Unt ter ome off-ter pr-r-r-aif."

Another summary of California news has just been received from our correspondent there, whose letter bears date:—San Francisco, February 20, 1861.—FRIEND FRANK—*Theatrical Matters* here are very dull at present; in fact, everything is at a stand still.

H. A. Perry and the Star Dramatic Company produced the "Fast men of the Olden Times," at the Opera House, last Saturday, and ran it three nights to poor houses, when it was withdrawn, and "The Drunkard" and "New York Fireman" substituted, which drew a better, but by no means full house. This evening Mr. Perry appears, for the first time here, as King Lear, and on to-morrow the "Three Guardsmen" will be revived, for the benefit of Mr. J. B. Booth. A new piece, called "The Code of Honor," is underlined at this establishment.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, after a very successful mountain tour, has returned, and is now playing in Sacramento. She will, this evening, be the recipient of a grand complimentary benefit, tendered in a card signed by the principal members of the Legislature, and many others. She is without doubt the best actress in this State, and well entitled to her popularity.

The Bella Union Melodeon.—This little house continues to attract large audiences, and has proven a perfect mint to its popular manager. The attraction at present consists of Mme. Biscaccianti, Miss Marian Lee, Messrs. Hamilton, Stephens, O'Neil, Conner, Collins, and the indefatigable Max Zorer.

New National Theatre.—This is the only legitimate theatre at low prices in California. They are doing well. The principal members of the company are Mr. Frank Mayo, a most deserving and popular young actor; Mr. D. Anderson, too well known to require particular mention here; Messrs. Edwards, Harvey, Durand, Lathrop, and Joe Rowe; Misses Louisa Paullin, Belle Divine, Lizzie Gordon, and Mrs. Nelly Cole.

Gilbert's Melodeon.—This house is doing by all odds the best business in the city; this is the result not so much of the good entertainment given, (though they have several talented performers engaged,) as it is of the bad and filthy habit they have of pandering to the depraved taste of a large portion of our community. The company consists of Mrs. Courtain, Miss Agnes de Vere, Mrs. Thayer, Messrs. Coes, De Angelis, Taylor, Coad, and others, under the sole management of Mr. H. Courtain.

The Athenæum is announced to be reopened on the 22d, by Mr. Geo. Chapman.

Walter Bray and a small company will visit *San Jose* for a few nights.

The Metropolitan Male and Female Minstrels have started on a tour through the interior. They consist of Miss Lottie, Miss Wilson, Tom La Font, J. Wallace & C. C. Keene.

The Forrest Theatre Melodeon, in Sacramento, is still doing an excellent business; they have added Mr. John Wood to their already powerful company.

The Marysville Melodeon, under the management of Lew Rattler, is doing fairly; I believe they have engaged Pete Sterling, Miss Clara Dean, Miss Nora, Miss Katie, & Master Tom Rose, to open there this week.

The Martinetti Family were at last accounts performing in Nevada, to only fair houses; they have not been a success, thus far, in this country.

Rumor says that Mr. Joseph Jefferson will shortly arrive in this country. Also, that Edwin Forrest is anxious to come, and that Charlotte Cushman is engaged. I give you the reports for what they are worth.

Theatrical Marriage.—On Monday, February 11, 1861, by the Rev. Thomas Starr King, Mr. H. A. Perry, leading actor, to Miss Agnes Land, principal leading lady of the Opera House.

Yours, truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

"Peter Primrose," in a letter dated Memphis, Tenn., March 10th, gives the following items, theatrical and otherwise:—

"Now do I fear I've done some strange offence
That looks disgracious in the city's eye."

Roberts, the tragedian, could safely recite the above quotation when in Memphis, where he has been performing for the past three weeks; for during his engagement here he produced a new piece entitled the "Prince of the House of David," the performance of which brought down upon him the entire condemnation of the "press gang," pulpit haranguers, and the public generally. The Memphistopholitans could stand his Mephistopheles in Faust, but his representation of the new creation was a *leetle* too much for their weak nerves. The piece in question was a conglomeration, gotten up by James Pilgrim, and was a dramatization from the Rev. J. H. Ingraham's work of the same name, and an old CLIPPER story, entitled the "Last of the Macabees." God's trial and miracles were prominent points in it, and many other scriptural scenes that should never be exhibited on the stage; and let it be said with all justice to the management, that they suppressed the piece as soon as they discovered its blasphemous tendencies.....Blind Tom, the Negro Pianist, is attracting the multitudes at the Odd Fellows' Hall. .....Christy's Minstrels open here for one week, commencing Monday, March 11th.....Julia Barton, of the Old Theatre here, was pitched into by her husband last week, and he had to pitch $50 into the City Treasury for so doing; he should have had more affection for the sweet warbler of "sharps and flats".....The German Theatric Troupe that has been performing here, suddenly closed, but crowded houses were not the cause of it, I assure you; though "Teutons" are plenty here, their "six bits" dropped into the box office quite slow and very seldom.....Carlo Patti, brother to Adelina Patti, goes starring at the conclusion of his engagement here. .....Wm. C. Thompson, Esq., the Manager of the Theatre here, can safely say he has as good a show house as any in the South. The reason is, because he always pays his company regularly every week, from the head fiddler to the tail supe.

Will the Louisville public stand this? "The Board of Aldermen of Louisville have presented the theatre in that city as a nuisance, and that, too, notwithstanding they have taxed it $3000 a year!" Oh! immaculate "limbs of the Aldermanic law!" what have our actors and actresses been doing to bring down upon them the censure of this moral band of buzzards?

The lone and friendless organist who was murdered in Memphis a few months ago, and whose instrument (like the "Dog of Montargis") pointed out the murderer, is about to have his assassination avenged by the hands of Justice; his murderer has been found guilty, and is now waiting the hour of execution. The prisoner murdered the deceased to obtain his organ, then offered it for sale; but the organ was too much for him; it indicated the murderer, and, ere long he will atone for his fiendish crime.

A gentleman, named Davidson, was giving a very interesting entertainment in Manchester, Eng., the chief object of which was the illustration of Scottish music. He was ably assisted in the vocal department by a Miss Eliza Haywood. One of the greatest features in the programme of Mr. Davidson, however, was the skill displayed by a Mr. T. Madagan, who is spoken of as a complete host in himself—singing and dancing, and playing on the fiddle, the flute, and the concertina, with equal success. Among his numerous feats, is what is called the Champion Sword Dance, as given by him before Queen Victoria. A Mr. Douglas Robertson, an efficient player on the bagpipes, is also included in the company.

Tom Taylor, the author of "Our American Cousin," was recently presented to Queen Victoria, at one of her levees. Tom is in luck just now, considering the profits of his writings, or rather adaptations for the stage, his clerkship in a government department, his letter writing for the *Manchester Guardian*, and "last, though not least," as the gentleman might feel inclined to say, after old King Lear, the honor of his introduction to royalty.

From the following incident, it would seem that the Parisians beat all the world in the art of theatrical puffing:—A short time since, it is stated, that a gentleman was proceeding along a certain quarter of Paris, when a dog seized him by the legs, and in a few moments reduced his pantaloons to ribbons. The next day the injured individual applied to a magistrate for redress, the owner of the dog appearing at the same time. The latter gentleman had to pay a fine for the injury and annoyance caused by his quadruped; but before leaving the court he made a fine speech, in the course of which he expatiated on the gentleness of the animal, alleging that he was of so weak a nature as to be let out nightly to take a part in M——'s new drama. The aim of this is obvious—advertising, in an extraordinary form, the novelty in question.

At the Academy of Music, Boston, Verdi's opera of "Un Ballo Maschera" will be performed for the last time this evening, the 18th; and on Tuesday, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will make her *debut* in Donizetti's charming composition, "Linda di Chamounix." Extensive preparations have been in progress for some time, we hear, for the production of Rossini's "Mose in Egito."

Our Philadelphia correspondent, in his letter dated the 17th, objects to our curtailing his communications, and wishes us to insert the matter sent entire, etc. Desirous as we are of obliging our correspondent, we beg leave to say that we reserve to ourselves the right to "cut down, mutilate, or insert" the matter contained in every communication received by us. Our correspondent will perceive that we are obliged to condense his last letter, and here we might take occasion to say that we prefer news items to criticisms; short, spicy little bits to long-winded dissertations, etc. Young Rapid's letter, dated Philadelphia, March 17th, gives us the following summary of business in that city:—FRANK QUEEN—On Monday last, Mr. Charles Dillon made his first appearance in this city at the Arch, in his world renowned personation of Belphegor. Although Mr. Dillon is great in this one character, yet, from the tenor of the newspaper press, and the immense placards, strewn promiscuously about the city, I had anticipated a rich treat in all Mr. D.'s delineations, but was disappointed. Mr. Dillon was announced by an innumerable number of "gag" bills, containing laudatory notices from the London press, but it must be borne in mind that there is a great difference in London between an actor playing at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and at the Surrey and Lyceum Theatres. An actor considered great in the latter (minor) theatres, would not—at least as a "star"—be admitted to the boards of the former. And it is in such theatres as the Lyceum and the Surrey that Mr. Dillon has won his professional reputation. Mr. Dillon made his *debut* here to a house crowded from pit to dome, and on making his appearance was welcomed with a torrent of applause; indeed, I have never witnessed a more hearty welcome than was tendered him. Throughout the evening he was very loudly applauded, and at the end of each act, was called before the curtain. At the close of the piece, he thanked the audience for their very warm reception to an utter stranger. It is evident that he has devoted himself heart and soul to the study of this one character. He is possessed of the power of depicting the pathetic—that power that searches the heart long stilled beneath the burning and hardened lava of the world—that brings tears into the eyes—that fills the soul with deep pity, with tenderness, with long regrets. Mr. D.'s Belphegor was this wondrous power. There was not a woman's cheek that had not a tear upon it, nor a man that didn't blow his nose, which, says Charles Reade, is the way in which men folk show, or rather, disguise their emotion. As "Don Felix," in the 'Wonder,' and "Don Cæsar," in "Don Cæsar De Bazan," Mr. Dillon was entirely out of his element. He had no conception of the part of Don Cæsar, and his representation of it was a broad burlesque from beginning to end. He made a swaggering, ungraceful interpretation of it. Don Cæsar is not a low blackguard as he made him, but a gentleman reduced in fortune. Nature has not been very lavish with Mr. Dillon; his features are not remarkable for striking expression, or the capabilities of making them the mirrors of passion. His figure is not graceful. He has a very bad voice, being troubled with an English lisp, which strikes very harshly upon the ear. He has several mannerisms, such as continually twirling his moustache, or playing with whatever happens to be in his hands. He has a habit of emphatically gasping out his words, when energy is required; which makes him seem on such occasions as if his breath caught in his throat. Mr. Dillon will never become an eminent performer, and I advise him to devote his study to such characters as the Mountebank, in which close fisted walks of the drama he will always be acceptable. Business has been excellent throughout the week; on Friday, he appeared as "Virginius" for his benefit, to a crowded auditory. .....On Monday last, at the Walnut, Miss Joey Gougenheim made her *debut* as Hester Grazebrook, in "An Unequal Match." She was heartily greeted on her entrance, by a large and fashionable audience, and her reception must have been as gratifying to the object of their enthusiasm, as it was creditable to the feelings of the spectators. Quickness of motion, vehemence of speech, and, above all, uncontrolled vivacity in the accomplishment of every new impulse, are the characteristics which apply to certain parts which she has the discretion to assume, and these characteristics she possesses in abundance. That she is free from all the faults of a young actress, I do not pretend to assert, but she gives great promise of attaining distinguished eminence in the profession. During her engagement here she has been greeted with large audiences, who have not withheld expressions of their most cordial support and approval. On Friday, for her benefit, she appeared as "Jeannie Deans," in Bourcicault's play of that name, and it was a very clever performance. On Monday, the 18th, she repeats this character, being the last night of her engagement, the evening's entertainment being for the benefit of the ushers of the theatre, Messrs. John and Edmund Reed. Miss "Joey" opens at the Mobile Theatre on the 25th inst..... On Tuesday the 19th, the French Dramatic Company from New York, take possession of the Walnut for five nights; their first performance being the aquatic piece of "Les Canotiers de la Seine." On Monday, the 25th, Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., commence a two week's engagement. On the 8th of April, Mr. E. A. Sothern, commences an unlimited engagement. The successful piece entitled "Our American Cousin at Home," and which met with an unequivocal success during his late engagement here, will be brought out with everything new, including a panorama of the Hudson, with a beautiful display of the Aurora Borealis. All the *attaches* of the establishment are already at work, and it is intended for a long "run," and to eclipse anything produced here for years, in scenic display.. ....Joseph Jefferson was in town last week; he opens at Washington to-morrow night.....Mr. Wellington Meech, of Rochester Theatre notoriety, was in town on Saturday, looking at the Continental Theatre.....Sanford's Opera House is in the full tide of success. So great has been the run of the burlesque "Seven Sisters" that Sanford has deferred for awhile starting out on his annual tour. Mr. Carl H. Schwicardi, late of the Italian Opera Troupe, and more recently with Lloyd's Minstrel party, has joined Sanford's; he is a great basso. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature, providing for the incorporation of Sanford's Opera House Company of Philadelphia." A new house is being talked of, to be built on Chestnut street near Eleventh.....This is announced as the last week of Van Amburgh's Menagerie, at the United States Building.. ....The wonderful exhibition of the Stereoptican is drawing larger houses than any exhibition in this city for years.....Those wonderful curiosities, the Aztec Children and the Albino Family, are on exhibition at the Assembly Rooms, under the management of Harry Whitbeck and Charlie Castle. Every day during the past week, the room has been crowded by the fashionables of this city.

A. M. Hernandez, the clown, pantomimist, contortionist, musician, and almost everything else, is one of the attractions at the Melodeon, in Baltimore. The great impalement feat is a feature of his performances.

We have received a note from S. S. Sanford, of Philadelphia, stating that he has received $31 from Jos. Lynch and Michael Phelan, towards the Kavanagh monument, and as this is the first received, coming as it does from those not in the profession, it speaks well for them, but not for the minstrelsy. A trifle from each of the many companies now in existence would go far towards the object in view.

In one of the superior courts of English law, it was recently decided that a novelist has no redress against the dramatic adapter of his work, even before the finish of the same. This is considered very hard by such men as Chas. Dickens, Geo. Sala, and Wilkie Collins, from the obvious fact that playwriters or playvampers, in preparing a piece for the stage, build their *denouements* or conclusions on the obvious foreshadowing of the novelist, after he has progressed to a certain point in his narrative. The original writer is thus placed in a difficulty. He must either change his plan, so far as the lat

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWO.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

THE "COMET" OF THE AMERICAN STAGE,

Born at Boston, in November, 1814, of old Puritan stock. Her parents, although in not very easy circumstances, gave her a good education. After she had left school, and having a good voice, she resolved to make her appearance as a public singer. Having received thorough instructions from the best masters, she made her first appearance in public, at a social concert, given in Boston, at the hall, No. 1, Frank in avenue, on the 25th of March, 1830. During Mrs. Wood's engagement in Boston, Miss Cushman sang at one of her concerts Mrs. Wood was so pleased with her voice, which was a fine contralto, that she advised her to turn her attention to singing on the stage, and Mr. Maeder, the husband of Clara Fisher, brought her out as the Countess Almaviva, in "The Marriage of Figaro," at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, April 8, 1835, to a house of $363.75; her first appearance proved a success.

She shortly afterwards sailed for New Orleans, where she came very near losing her voice, having seriously impaired it by trying to force it up to the soprano register, it being a contralto. This was the cause of her taking to the stage, and becoming the greatest actress that ever "trod the boards" of any theatre in the United States.

Her next appearance was at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1836, as Lady Macbeth. From the Bowery she went to the Park Theatre, where she became the leading actress. She next visited Philadelphia, and made her first appearance at the opening of the National Theatre and Circus, under the management of W. E. Burton, August 31, 1840, when she appeared as Lydia Languish. Here she remained for some time, after which she went to the Walnut.

But before her wonderful talent could be recognised at home, she was obliged to visit Europe, and among strangers build up a reputation for herself; and where she found them, by hard study, to acknowledge her as one of the greatest artists of the day.

She sailed for Europe in 1844, on the 24th of December arrived in Paris, and alighted at the Hotel Maurice. On the 13th of February, 1845, she made her first appearance at the Princess' Theatre, London, as Bianca, in "Fazio." In Bianca, Lady Macbeth, Romeo, Meg Merrilies, &c., she achieved such a series of triumphs as have been accorded to no other American artist in England. She was supported by Mr. Macready. After three or four years residence abroad, she returned to her native land, and made her first appearance at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 8 1849, as Mrs. Haller. She played star engagements throughout the United States, attracting overflowing houses wherever she appeared. In 1852 she played a farewell engagement throughout the States, and returned to Europe again; and after a sojourn there of five years, she returned to the United States, and made her re-appearance at Burton's Theatre (Metropolitan,) New York, September 28, 1857, as Bianca. She made her appearance in Philadelphia, May 24, 1858, at the Arch-street Theatre, as Mrs. Haller. She remained one week—her last performance being on Saturday afternoon. During this engagement, hundreds were turned away every night, unable to gain admittance; and we have rarely seen a more enthusiastic reception than she received during her short stay.

As Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth, she stands without a rival. It is not alone in her histrionic capacity that she deserves, and has our admiration; as a lady, she dignifies her position; and to moral worth adds mental capabilities which have been well and profitably used. In her poetic efforts, Miss C. has proved that she possessed much of that *mens divinior* which is ascribed to those who have successfully wooed the muses; and to the possession of the delicate and acute perception of the truthful and the beautiful in nature, we are to look for the source of these original conceptions of character which have won for her so enviable a distinction as she now possesses.

The merits of this lady are so great, the success she has met with so uncommon, and the attention paid her by the public so full of respect, that we should think ourselves deficient in the regard we owe our readers if we were to speak of her in so short and desultory a manner as we necessarily have of many others in this work.

The symmetry of her person is captivating; her face is peculiarly happy, by having a strength of features without the least propensity to coarseness or vulgarity; on the contrary, it is so well harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is. So great, too, is the flexibility of her countenance, that it takes the instantaneous transitions of passion, with such variety and effect, as never to tire the eye. Her voice is remarkably plaintive, yet capable of all that firmness and exertion which the intrepidity of fortitude, or the impulse of sudden rage demand. Her eye is large and marking, and her brow capable of disdain, or of dilating with the emotions of sympathy or pity; her memory is tenacious, and her articulation clear, distinct and penetrating. So entirely is she mistress of herself, so collected, and so determined in her gestures, tone and manner, that she seldom errs, like other artists, because she doubts not her powers of comprehension; she studies her author attentively, and describes with a firm consciousness of propriety. No studied trick or start can be predicted, no forced tremulation, where the vacancy of the eye declares the absence of passion, can be seen; no laborious strainings at false climax, in which the tired voice reiterates one high tone beyond which it cannot reach, cannot be heard; none of those arts, by which the actress is seen, and not the character, can be found in Miss Cushman.

On the 16th of August, 1850, she played at Liverpool, and on the 30th of the same month, appeared at Niblo's Garden, New York—just two weeks after her performance *three thousand miles away*.

On the 7th of July, 1858, she sailed from New York, in the steamship Persia, for Europe; and after an absence of two years, returned to New York, and during the month of September, 1860, made her *debut* at the Winter Garden, where she fulfilled a highly successful engagement, playing as she did in opposition to Mr. Edwin Forrest, who was then fulfilling an engagement at "Niblo's."

She then visited Boston, and fulfilled a very brilliant engagement at the new theatre. Miss Cushman then entered into an engagement with Messrs. Wheatley & Clarke, of the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, for a period of six weeks, at a salary of two hundred dollars a night. Messrs. Wheatley & Clarke engaged the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for a term of two weeks, and engaged some of the best talent in the country to support her, including the young and talented tragedian, Edwin Booth, at a salary of one hundred dollars per night. Miss Cushman opened on the 24th of December, in Meg Merrilies, and played it througout the week to excellent houses. The second week, Mr. Booth appeared, and, in conjunction with Miss Cushman, played Macbeth for one week. Macbeth for a whole week was too much for a Philadelphia audience, and after the first night, business fell off. The Academy, however, was kept open for a third week, with a loss to the management of over one thousand dollars.

The business not warranting it any longer, the season was brought to a close, and Miss Cushman was transferred to the boards of the Arch street theatre, to conclude her engagement. For the purpose of saving the managers from any further loss, Miss C. consented to appear in her impersonation of Nancy Sykes, a character which she had thrown aside for many years. The managers went to some expense in putting the piece on the stage, but it proved a failure The engagement of this lady was daily incurring a heavy loss on the management, for they not only had to pay her an enormous salary, but the daily expenses of the theatre were also heavy. When I state that frequently I have seen her play to less than $250, the public can judge of the success of this lady. At this period, Miss C. was appealed to, and I am told that she agreed to reduce her salary to one thousand dollars per week for the remaining two weeks of the engagement. What Messrs. Wheatley & Clarke could have been thinking about, or what their calculations were when they agreed to these terms, and for so long a period as six weeks, I cannot conceive. In the first place, the daily expenses of the Arch cannot be less than two hundred dollars, and with the additional sum of two hundred more for Miss Cushman, the speculation was one of the most insane I ever heard of, for be it known that the Arch street theatre, when crowded to its utmost capacity, does not hold much, if any, over $500, admitting that all paid; but when the one hundred and fifty stockholders, and a large number of season tickets are in, it reduces the amount considerably. Even if Miss Cushman had filled the house to repletion every night of her engagement, the manager would not have been safe in effecting such an engagement. I will venture to, assert that they experienced by the six weeks' engagement a loss of three thousand dollars, at the least. At the conclusion of her engagement at the Arch, Miss Cushman visited Baltimore and Washington, where she was highly successful. On the 18th of February she commenced a farewell engagement at the Winter Garden, New York, and followed at Boston, where she plays her final engagement in America. She will then sail for England, and will, no doubt, shortly retire forever from the profession.

Miss Cushman's Queen Katharine is unquestionably a fine piece of acting, far superior in every respect to her Lady Macbeth. There is dignity, command and power in her appearance, but withal a mildness and gentleness of nature that make up a queen, not of the stage, but a fitting consort for a king. Katharine unites almost everything soft, sweet, persuasive, pitiable, and even terrible; and the superior acting of Miss C., in the trial scene, second act, has never found its counterpart on the American stage. Through the whole of this scene Miss Cushman is truly great, and her dying one surpassed anything I have ever witnessed.

During Miss Cushman's late engagement, I witnessed her in Shakespeare's Hamlet, and was very much pleased with her rendition of this most difficult *role*. Hamlet is a character embodying everything—*son, friend, avenger, prince, madman, lover, metaphysician, rhetorician, logician, gentleman, warrior, scholar*, etc. These are the principal features in Hamlet, and the artist who attempts its impersonation must be, in the full sense of the word, a finished actor. Hamlet is a sensitive, young, and retired man of virtuous feelings; is shocked, upon his return from college, by the news of his father's death and mother's sudden marriage. His mind, naturally disposed to reverie, takes a melancholy turn; he broods in loneliness over his sorrows until the manliness of his character is affected, and he becomes grief worn and lachrymose. Hitherto he has only shown that which is "sweet and commendable in his nature," the mourning duties for his father running into "obstinate condolement" and "unmanly grief." He is, in short, not much more than the melancholy walking gentleman of old tragedy; or, if you choose, the lugubrious hero of modern poetry. But a change comes over his spirit, and more than one new quality enters into its composition. The horrible revelation of the ghost, and the fearful task he would exact from the gentle prince, brings dismay and bitterness into a bosom where before gloom and sadness were the only tenants. The frightful fate of his father freezes his young blood; and though it does not make a maniac of him, yet distracts his brain whenever he revolves the shocking story. His assumed madness and real distraction do indeed, at times, so commingle and run into light and shade as scarcely to be distinguished. Such is Miss Cushman's "Hamlet." I was very much pleased with her soliloquy immediately after the players had retired—it was a scene of deep interest, and admirable recitation. So also were the instructions to the players, which was remarkable for its quiet and unaffected style of delivery.

I saw her in the Honeymoon, as Juliana, and thought at the time, and think the same now, that it was one of the worst impersonations I ever witnessed. From her first appearance as the proud bride, to the very close of the piece, her acting was one continued exhibition of unreasonable extravagance When low comedy men can be made aware of the fact that they are not great tragic performers, or ladies of Miss Cushman's stamp so far come to their senses as to forego attempts at comedy, I, for one, shall heartily rejoice. Miss C. cannot enact the refined and effeminate characters of the drama in such a manner as to unite the graces of person, and the sweetness of voice, so as to harmonise in concert together. The actress who attempts the portraiture of the beauties of the drama, those sweet and innocent creatures of the poet, whose

——"eyes, whose lips, whose cheeks, whose features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by love honestly in love——'
Should, in some measure, be one who
"Walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

I would not have it thought that I consider *any* of Miss Cushman's personations below mediocrity; but when she can soar so far above her contemporaries in tragedy, and leave such a pleasant impression on the mind, I cannot see her dispel the *always* pleasing recollections I should otherwise have of her, by attempts at comedy, in which she is not unequalled, without making mention of it.

In a letter from Liverpool to a London friend, the distinguished playwriter Knowles, speaks as follows of the celebrated masculine impersonation of Charlotte Cushman:—

"I witnessed on Wednesday night, with astonishment, the Romeo of Miss Cushman! Unanimous and lavish as were the encomiums of the London press, I was not prepared for such a triumph of pure genius. You recollect, perhaps, Kean's third act of Othello? Did you ever expect to see anything like it again? I never did; and yet I saw as great a thing last Wednesday night in Romeo's scene with the Friar, after the sentence of banishment—quite as great! I am almost tempted to go further. It was a scene of topmost passion!—not stimulated passion—no such thing—real, palpably real! The genuine heart storm was on—on, in wildest fitfulness of fury!—and I listened, and gazed, and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold—I am sure it must have been the case with every one in the house—but I was all absorbed in Romeo, till a thunder of applause recalled me to myself. I particularise this scene, because it is the most powerful; but every scene exhibited the same truthfulness. The first scene with Juliet, for instance, 'twas exquisitely faithful. The eye—the tone—the general bearing—everything attesting the lover, smit to the core, at first sight, and shrinkingly and falteringly endeavoring, with the aid of palm, and eye, and tongue, to break his passion to its idol! My heart and mind are so full of this extraordinary—most extraordinary performance—that I declare I know not where to stop, or how to go on! Throughout, it was a triumph, equal to the proudest of those which I used to witness years ago, and for a repetition of which I have looked in vain till now. There is no trick in Miss Cushman's performance. No thought, no interest, no feeling, seems to actuate her, except what might be looked for in Romeo himself, were Romeo reality.

[Next week, the Life of Charles William Macready, with the full account of the Astor-place Opera House riot.]

THE ANNUAL DERBY FOOT BALL PLAY.

At two on Shrove Tuesday begins this sport; and as the hour approaches, the whole town of Derby seems alive with expectation. It is a universal holiday, and all ranks and ages are seen streaming towards the Market-place. Here the shops are found shut, and the houses all round are filled with spectators, men, women and children, crowding the windows, and perched upon the housetops. The players arrive by degrees from the opposite sides of the Market-place, coming generally in parties of a dozen or more, each greeted, as it appears, by the cheers of its respective side. The Market-place is chosen as a central spot for the commencement of the game, and the goals are well known by long-standing agreement. That of the "Peters" is the gate of a nursery ground, situate somewhat more than a mile off, in the direction of London; that of "All Saints," the wheel of a water mill, at a rather shorter distance on the road towards Manchester, by Ashbourne. The object of the game is the goaling of the ball at the one or the other of these places, a process performed by striking it three times against the gate or the wheel respectively.

At the appointed hour arrives the ball, carried by the hero of last year, who was lucky enough to goal it then. The crowd of players opens to receive him; and, going into the middle of the Market, he throws up the ball; all cluster around it, and the play begins.

The Forentines have an amusement very similar to the above, distinguished, however, by superior elegance and address, and practised only by the higher classes It takes place always at this period of the year, and is considered an event of very general importance. We are indebted to *Lassels* for the following interesting account of it:—

"The most remarkable and the most expensive amusement peculiar to the Florentines, is the *Principi di Calcio*. Here the flower of the Florentine youth divide into two parties, distinguished by *red* and *green*, and each party chooses a prince eminent for birth and fortune. Each prince chooses officers of state, establishes a household, and keeps a court; receives and despatches ambassadors each to the other; gives audience, appoints a privy council, who debate upon the serious affairs of state, the affronts received, or the offences given, by each other's subjects, and the proper means of resenting or covering these offences. After some time spent in negotiation, in which all the forms of court policy are duly observed, war is at length resolved upon; prisoners begin to be taken on both sides; these acts of violence are formally complained of, and owned or disavowed according to the degree of evidence the enemy have to produce; but at length out comes the declaration of war. This opens a new scene; the secretaries of state, and of war, are busy in procuring intelligence; secret correspondences are established, and the private advices received are openly read at court: these are generally what may be called the *Scandalous Chronicle*, and contain satirical anecdotes, in which the characters of the principal persons in town are humorously taken off; and as the youth of most distinguished parts are always chosen into the great offices on these occasions, their compositions afford much mirth and pleasantry, the peculiarities of the person alluded to being the only subject of raillery that is permitted. With the transactions of these mock courts the minds of the Florentines are as much engaged as if their political proceedings were the determinations of royalty; and the day on which the imaginary princes are to determine their differences by combat, is as eagerly expected as if the fate of kingdoms was to depend upon the decision. The battle is a game like foot ball, with this difference, that the ball is struck by the *hand*, instead of the *foot*. In a spacious place the boundaries are fixed on each side, a day is appointed, and the combatants, headed by their respective prince, and distinguished by the ribbon of the'r order, *red*, or *green*, come to the place of rendezvous, all richly dressed, and mounted on the best horses that Italy affords. Being assembled, they march in military order over the ground, and then, ranging themselves in line, they dismount and take the field, amidst the acclamations of an inconceivable multitude of people, with trumpets, kettle drums, and music. Then each party advancing near the middle of the ground, the ball is thrown up between them, and the engagement begins, in which great agility and dexterity are shown, and some hard blows given on both sides, but no exceptions are to be taken; victory is to be determined by the ball, and whichever side is fortunate enough to press it over the bounds of the enemy, is instantly declared victorious. A universal shout ensues; the conquered prince retires; the other keeps the field; till having recovered breath, and the disorder which the contest naturally occasions being over, the victors re-mount their horses, and march back to court in the same military order they advanced; a most sumptuous entertainment is provided, and a call given to the ladies at night, in which none but the victorious combatants are permitted to dance Thus ends, about *Shrovetide*, an entertainment that employs the greatest families in Florence most part of the winter.

"It is the custom of the Florentines, at this period, to invite the ladies and their acquaintance to their country villas to play at cards. Thither the ladies go, (the married only,) and find the houses open to all comers of genteel appearance. In every chamber the doors are set open; and, for the most part, you see eight or ten chambers on a floor, all communicating with each other; and with each a square table, properly appointed for eight players. At a fixed hour, the company arrive, and immediately sit down to play, a gentleman placing himself between every pair of ladies, all in as fine clothes and jewels as if at a ball. The doors of all these rooms being open, the splendor of the lights, the glittering of the lace and jewels reflected by mirrors placed for that purpose in all directions, excite in a by-stander an idea of the enchanted palaces of the old King of the Mountains. Any gentleman may come in here, and stand behind the gamesters, and see how modestly they play, and how little they stake In the meantime, there is a side chamber always open, for the company to enter and refresh."

A TICKLISH SITUATION—THIRTY HOURS WITH A SKUNK IN A MINING SHAFT.—The Calaveras [Cal.] *Chronicle* of the 19th of January relates the following story:—

"While G. Atzel was on a prospecting tour last week, in the neighborhood of Garland's ranch, on Old Woman's Gulch, he observed a tunnel, and approaching it he heard a noise as of miners working within, and proceeded to pay them a visit. When he had ventured through the dense darkness 150 feet, all at once his feet gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom of a shaft 35 feet deep, breaking two of his ribs and otherwise injuring him. On recovering his senses he found he had a companion; a large California skunk had met with a like misfortune, apparently some ten days before. His skunkship had become desperate, through hunger, thirst and confinement, and attacked him with all the ferocity of a tiger, bit him severely on the face and hands, he being too feeble to protect himself. In this condition he remained some thirty hours, when luckily two miners passed that way, heard his faint cries, and rescued him from his perilous situation, made doubly so from the fact that this tunnel is situated in a very lonely, obscure place, no one scarcely ever passing except Mr. Garland in the spring time, viewing his fence. Mr. Atzel said he thought his case a hopeless one at first, but after praying two hours he took courage and commenced hallooing and fighting the skunk, which he kept up to the moment of his rescue."

MARCH.

MARCH was the first month of the ancients. The Romans named it after Mars, who was the father of Romulus. Leigh Hunt says, "As to the deity's nature, March has certainly nothing in common with it; for though it affects to be very rough, it is one of the best-natured months in the year, drying up the superabundant moisture of winter with its fierce winds, and thus restoring us our paths through the fields, and piping before the flowers like a Bacchanal." March is the *Length Monath* of our Saxon ancestors, because the days begin to lengthen, or exceed the nights; hence the origin of *Lent*. They also called it *Rethe*, or *Rough Monath*. In France, until 1564, it was reckoned the first month; January was then substituted by Charles IX. In Scotland until 1599, and in England partially till the last century, March was considered the first month of the year. The *Hilaria*, or feasts of merriment of the Romans, took place on the 25th. Otway, in his *Atheist*, has a simile on March:—

The old dog blustered into life in March,
Swore, diced, and drank his manly days away—
And now he sneaks to nothing like a lamb,
'Midst priests, sack posnets, prayers, and penitence.

On the first of March, King Cadwallo met a Saxon army in the field. In order to distinguish his men from their enemies, he, from an adjoining field of leeks, pulled one for each of them, which they wore in their hats; and having gained a signal and decisive victory, the leek became the future badge of honor among the Welsh, who wear it on this day in commemoration of the event. At the close of this month the weather usually grows sufficiently fair to permit all healthful and exhilarating exercise. A good smart walk, under the influence of the early spring wind, will work a glorious revolution in ones vital system, and the self gratulation, arising from having conquered an indolent desire, will give the mind a fine tone and nerve it for any occupation to which one may feel disposed to devote it. Children should now be inured to hardy habits, and turned forth every morning to make fine fellows of themselves, by running, romping, jumping, and any other *ing* that will prevent them from sitting, sleeping, or shivering.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF A HORSE.—While it is not claimed that the following is an unerring criterion by which to judge of the age of the horse, it will be found to be as reliable as any other, and as regards simplicity it is perhaps not equalled. The colt is born with twelve grinders. At the appearance of four front teeth it is two weeks old, and when the next four come, it is a month old. In eight weeks the corner ones come; and when they are as high as the front ones it is a year old. The two-year old has the kernel ground out of all the front teeth. When three years old the middle front teeth have given place to the horse teeth. The next four yield in the fourth year, and the corner ones in the fifth. At six years the kernel is worn out of the lower middle front teeth, and the bridle teeth have attained their full size. In 7 years the kernel of those next, the middle fronts, is worn off. In 8 years it is worn out of all the lower front teeth. In 9 years it is worn off of all the upper middle fronts. In the tenth year it is worn out of those next the middle fronts. In 11 years it has entirely disappeared from the corner teeth of the same jaw. In 12 years the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw has become triangular and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which then have a long, narrow appearance, and their kernels have become changed into a darkish point, gray hairs increase in the forehead and over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

THE ORIGIN OF COCK FIGHTING is thus recorded:—When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbors, he beheld two cocks engaged in furious combat! The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—"These cocks, my gallant soldiery, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty: the only motive is, that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other." This impressive harangue rekindled their valor, and led them to conquest. After decisive victories over the Persians and Athenians, it was decreed by law that one day should be set apart in every year for the public exhibition of cock fighting at the expense of the state.

LOST THE RACE.—A party challenged another, who was notorious for his speed of foot, to run a race of a considerable distance with him, simply stipulating that the champion of the "foot course" should carry ten pounds weight of any article his challenger might choose to select. In all the pride of well-tested powers, the champion cried "done" to the bargain; when, lo and behold! his opponent selected—not only for the effectual impediment, but the most grotesque adornment of his competitor—*ten pounds weight of full-blown bladders!* It is needless to add that the man with speed of foot lost his wager to the man with speed of wit.

THE PROPERTIES OF A GOOD HORSE.—A good horse should have fifteen good properties and conditions, viz:—Three of a man, three of a woman, three of a fox, three of a hare, and three of an ass. Of a man, bold, proud and hardy; of a woman, fair-breasted, quick hearing and easy to move; of a fox, a fair tail, short ears, and a good trot; of a hare, a clear eye, a dry head, and a well-formed body; of an ass, a big chin, a flat leg, and a good hoof.

LADIES, BE ON THE ALERT.—Ladies should not forget that a cake of Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap will remove all chaps, and other disfigurements to which the skin is liable, and if they take our advice, they will at once commence the use of the above named useful article. A small quantity of Liquid Rouge, also prepared by Dr. Gouraud, will give a beautiful rose tint to the complexion, and Lilly White will render all roughness invisible. If you have red, light or gray hair, use Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye, which will at once change your locks to a fine brown, or glossy jet black. All these desirable articles may be procured of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; of Callendar & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

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